

JESSE W HOOPES

IMPROVEMENT ERA



JULY, 1923

VOL. 26

NO. 9

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCI-
ATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
GENERAL BOARD Y.M.M.I.A
SALT LAKE CITY
UTAH

See CALIFORNIA

In ONE COMPLETE TRIP

\$ **48**^{.82}

TO

LOS ANGELES

AND RETURN VIA

SAN FRANCISCO

STOPOVERS ALLOWED AT ALL POINTS OF INTEREST IN CALIFORNIA

ON SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY

Good Returning October 31, 1923.

For Complete Information, Tickets and Reservations



Call, Phone or Write

P. BANCROFT, D. F. & P. A.

41 South Main Street

Wasatch 3008

Latter-day Saints Garments

APPROVED CORRECT PATTERN

Prepared Parcel Post to any part of the United States if paid in advance, 20c. extra on each garment to Canada or Mexico.

These approved Temple Garments are knitted and made right here in our own Utah factory, to your special order and measurements. Lowest prices on market. Mail your order to us now and say you saw it in the "Improvement Era." If order is C. O. D. you pay the postage.

LOOK FOR THE APPROVED LABEL IN EVERY GARMENT

No.	Price
4 Light Summer Weight bleached.....	\$1.40
11 Light weight cotton.....	1.50
20 Light weight cotton bleached.....	1.75
60 Medium weight cotton.....	1.75
22 Medium weight cotton bleached.....	2.00
90 Heavy weight cotton unbleached.....	2.25
24 Heavy weight cotton bleached.....	2.50
50 Extra white double bleached, mercerized.....	3.00
10 Medium weight wool mixture.....	3.00
16 Heavy weight wool mixture.....	4.00
70 Snow white silkileen.....	3.40
18 All Marino wool.....	5.50

Sizes from 22 to 44 bust, 52 to 64 lengths, as desired. Longer than 64 inches or over 44 in. bust, each size 20c. extra. Garments with double backs 25c. extra per suit. We will make any size desired.

Measure bust around body under arms; length from center on top of shoulder down to inside of ankle. Orders for less than two garments not accepted.

We manufacture sweater coats, Jersey goods and underwear, also flannel shirts and Mackinaw coats.

MODEL KNITTING WORKS

FRANKLIN CHRISTIANSON, Manager

657 Iverson St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Phone Hy. 516

"RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED"

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Keep Smiling

It's easy for a man to smile,
On life's brief undulating mile,
When things are right, and all the while
Keep Smiling.

But when the things we cherish go,
And through our lives reverses flow,
It's hard to smile, but weal or woe,
Keep Smiling.

When angry clouds go rolling by,
Across the last blue strip of sky,
And tear drops spangle in your eye,
Keep Smiling.

A smile upon a heart of pain
Is like a rainbow, in the rain,
Entangled in a golden chain
Bright bending over hill and plain;
Keep Smiling.

Take to your heart this simple thought
And hold it tight, it helps a lot,
If you can smile no matter what,
Keep Smiling.

If you can stand right up and grin
With a sore, bleeding heart within,
Your goal is yours; you're sure to win.
Keep Smiling.

Our woes are temporary things.
In every human ill that springs
The bird of hope divinely sings.
Keep Smiling.

Don't let the heart within you die;
The spring will brighten up the sky,
And faith will triumph by and by;
Keep Smiling.

—Theodore E. Curtis.



COMB WASH LOOKING NORTHWARD

The main skirmish of the recent Utah Indian fight took place on the rugged eastern rim, and it is generally believed it was there that Posey was wounded in the hip while firing under his horse's neck, and trying to conceal himself behind the horse's body as it ran. The fight was carried on far up among the cliffs on the west side of the wash, and it was there in a cave that Posey died. See article "Relic of Gadianon," in this number.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXVI

JULY, 1923

No. 9

Traveling Over Forgotten Trails

By President Anthony W. Ivins

The Old Spanish Trail

One of the most interesting, and in its time most important, of the old trails, now obliterated, and well nigh forgotten, was the southern route which connected the Pacific coast with the Missouri river. The tragedy and romance of this old trail will never be told, nor written; it cannot be, because the men who made unrecorded history along its route have long since gone to travel the unknown paths of another world, leaving no written records behind them.

When the movement from the east to the west, which resulted in the final conquest and settlement of the Pacific Slope by Anglo Saxon people began, after reaching the Rocky Mountains, there were three routes by which the early pioneers reached their destination. One of these trails, for in the beginning they were nothing more, passed through Idaho by way of Fort Hall and Boise to the Columbia river and down that stream to the Pacific. It was over this route that Nathaniel Wythe, who was the first white man to make the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, of whom we have any record, traveled in 1832-33, and over it Henry H. Spalding and Marcus Whitman, with their wives, passed in 1836, the women being the first among the white people to cross the American continent. This was known as the Northern Route.

The Central Route passed through what is now the northern part of Utah, down the Humboldt river, in Nevada, and across the Sierra Nevada mountains to California. It was on this trail that the ill-fated Donner party were snow bound, and perished, near Donner Lake, in the winter of 1846.

The third route, known to the early scouts and trappers as the Old Spanish Trail, bore south from Salt Lake, skirting the west base of the Wasatch mountains, through what is now Salt



A DESERT LANDSCAPE

On this waterless waste myriads of mocking birds build their nests, and rear their young. The century plants and cacti furnishing protection for the nests against the predatory birds and animals which, like predatory men, prey on the innocent and defenseless.

THE MONUMENT AT MOUNTAIN MEADOWS

As it now appears on the spot where the emigrants were camped when attacked by Indians. John D. Lee was executed at this point March 23, 1877.

Lake, Utah, Juab, Millard, Beaver, Iron and Washington counties. At Cedar City the road forked, one trail bearing southwest, to the Mountain Meadows, Cane Springs, the Magotsu and down the Santa Clara to Camp Spring; the other was by way of Ash Creek, Grape Vine Spring, Cottonwood, (later Harrisburg) Washington and St. George, and up the Santa Clara, where it formed a junction with the former at Camp Spring.

From the latter point the road continued south, through what the early trappers called the Beaver Dam mountains, to the Rio Virgen, at Beaver Dams, down the Rio Virgen to the mouth of the Muddy and up that stream to a point near the present Moapa station, on the Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railroad. From this point it struck across the desert, a distance of sixty-five miles to Las Vegas, (The Meadows) over a tract of country entirely without water, and with very little grass. From Las Vegas to the Mojave river the country was a desert waste, with only scanty pasturage, and almost without water; thence on, through the Cajon Pass, (Box Canyon Pass) to San Bernardino, conditions for travel were more favorable.

Because of the desert country through which the road passed, the extreme heat and scarcity of water, few people ventured to travel it during the summer months, but when winter came, and other routes were closed because of snow, the Old Spanish Trail was the most popular route to California.

Who first traveled over this trail no one knows. Farris, in his *History of Arizona*, says:

"Captain Jedediah S. Smith was the first white man to enter Arizona from the north. In August, 1826, he started from Salt Lake, passed south, by Utah Lake and keeping down the west side of the Wasatch and high plateaus, reached the Virgen river, in Arizona, near the south-western corner of Utah. This he called, in honor of the president of the United States, Adams river. Following it southwest, through Pai Ute country, twelve days, he came to its junction with the Colorado River."

Crittenden, in his *History of the American Fur Trade of the Far West*, says:

"On the 22nd of August, 1826, Smith left the rendezvous, near Great Salt Lake, with a party of fifteen men, for the purpose of exploring the country to the southwest, then wholly unknown to the American traders. His route lay by Utah Lake, thence across the Sevier Valley, to the Virgin river, which he descended to the Colorado river. Smith named this stream Adams river in honor of the President. I am inclined to think that its present name was given for Thomas Virgin, who was with Smith in 1827, and was severely wounded by the Indians in this locality, and afterwards killed in a fight on Umpquah river."

In 1830 William Wolfskill and a party of trappers opened a route to California, going North from Santa Fe, to the head waters of the San Juan, thence crossing Green and Grand rivers, the latter in what is now known as Gunnison Valley, thence following the west base of the Wasatch range, and south through Mountain Meadows, across the Beaver Dam Mountains, and down the Rio Virgen to a point near its junction with the Colorado, where they struck across the desert to Las Vegas, and from there bore south to Los Angeles.

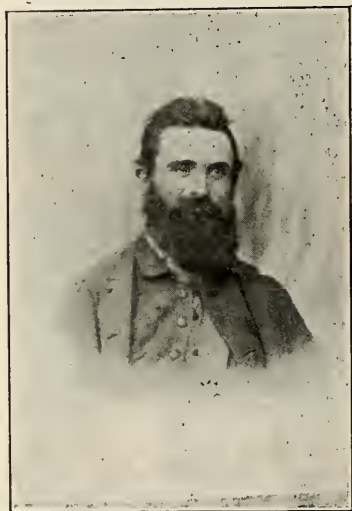
After the arrival of the Pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley, in 1847, one of the first problems presented was to provide means by which merchandise might be obtained to supply the actual necessities of the people. They were eleven hundred miles from the Missouri river, the only base of supplies, from the east, and Los Angeles was eight hundred miles distant. The route to the Missouri was not a difficult one in summer. Grass was abundant, water plentiful, and but for danger from marauding Indians, the journey across the plains was neither difficult nor hazardous.

The California route, on the contrary, was only available during the winter months, and even then the journey could only be made under the most trying circumstances to both men and

animals. The road passed through a barren desert country, with very scanty pasturage, and little water. There was no station between Utah and California, where supplies could be obtained, or assistance rendered in case of accident or trouble, not a white settler lived between the lines of the two states. It was necessary, before leaving the "Mormon" settlements, in Southern Utah, to load the wagons with grain, a part of which was cached at different points along the road, to be used on the return trip, and when these caches were discovered and opened by the Indians, as was frequently the case, teams suffered until the settlements were reached.

During the summer months professional freighters, with long trains of mule teams, and sometimes oxen, made the tiresome journey from Salt Lake to the Missouri river and return, reaching the valley in the fall laden with merchandise.

Oxen were not used on the Old Spanish Trail, but during the winter months, in order that mules might not be idle, many of these freighters turned their faces westward, and made the trip to Southern California and return.



BILL STREEPER

An outstanding figure among the professional freighters, who for slight profit, and great sacrifice brought merchandise to Salt Lake Valley, in the days of the Pioneers, and the only known survivor of the men who freighted over the Old Spanish Trail.

Among the most adventurous and successful of these men, with whom the writer was acquainted, who staked so much on the chance of small returns, were the Crismon Brothers, George and Charley, and Bill Streeper, the latter the only one of the old wagon masters, so far as the writer is aware, who is now living.

The Mountain Meadows was the last oasis, on the northern end of the road, and travelers frequently stopped at that point to recuperate their teams before starting across the long desert stretch which intervened between the Utah and California lines. This point is in the northern part of what is now Washington county, Utah. It is a small valley in the tops of the mountains, where

springs spread over the surface and formed one of those beauty spots, found only in mountain landscapes. Since the days of

the Pioneers heavy floods have cut a deep gully through the valley, which has drained the water from the surface, the grass has disappeared, and sage brush taken its place.

The dangers and difficulties of travel over this road were greatly increased because of the character of the Indian tribes through whose country it passed. While not a strong nor warlike people, like Plains Indians, the Pah Utes, who occupied the Santa Clara and Upper Rio Virgen, the Moapas on the Muddy, and Mojaves farther to the south, were expert thieves, and did not hesitate to take life when they felt that it could be done with safety.

Tragedies of the Trail—Mountain Meadows

The most shocking tragedy which occurred on the Old Trail was the affair at Mountain Meadows. In the early part of September, 1857, a party of emigrants from Arkansas and Missouri, on their way to California, had gone into camp at Mountain Meadows with the intention of remaining at that point for a short time, for the purpose of resting and recruiting their teams and loose cattle, before starting across the desert country which intervened between them and their destination. As they traveled through the settlements of Southern Utah, trouble developed between the emigrants and Indians, through whose country they passed, and there was also misunderstanding between them and some of the white settlers.

While in camp at Mountain Meadows, at break of day, on or about the 7th of September, the camp was attacked by Indians. It is said that at the first volley seven men were killed, and sixteen wounded, and that several Indians, among them two chiefs, were killed. The emigrants were brave men, well armed, and for several days successfully defended themselves. The Indians, in the meantime, sent out runners who succeeded in obtaining reinforcements, including a number of white men, who participated in the final attack, which resulted in the extermination of the entire party, with the exception of a number of children, who were spared.

Similar instances have occurred, during our pioneer movement toward the west, particularly along the route of the "Old Santa Fe Trail," where a number of expeditions which left the Missouri river were entirely lost, their fate never having been determined.

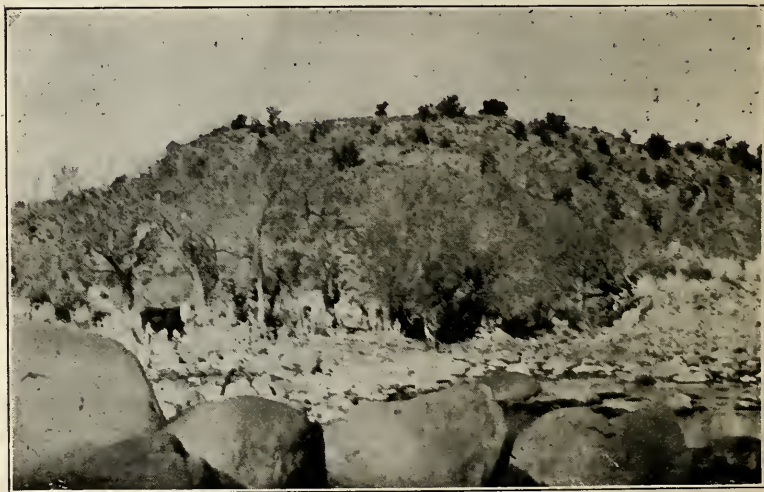
Tobin's Point

On the 31st of August, Col. E. J. Steptoe, who had been appointed governor of Utah, arrived at Salt Lake with an escort of about 175 soldiers. Among them there was a dashing young

sergeant whose name was John Tobin. After remaining at Salt Lake for some time, Tobin started for California, over the southern trail. He had reached the Magotsu, about twenty miles south from the Mountain Meadows, and camped on that stream, where he was attacked, while asleep, by unknown parties and seriously wounded, but escaped in the darkness, and finally reached California.

Camp Spring

At Camp Spring, a view of which is here shown, Magets, a noted Indian of the pioneer days, said that while concealed in the rocks shown in the illustration, he saw two miners, who were returning from the gold fields of California, kill and bury a third member of their party, after taking from his person a quantity of gold which he carried. It was later discovered that



TOBIN'S POINT ON MAGOTSU

At this point Sergeant John Tobin was attacked by unknown parties and badly wounded, but escaped and reached California. He was Sergeant in Steptoe's command.

this same Indian had killed a lone prospector at Camp Spring, from whom he took ten twenty dollar gold pieces.

The Rio Virgen

One of the greatest difficulties which confronted the early freighters, and it was not only a difficulty, but a real danger, was the Rio Virgen. The old road, after leaving the Beaver Dams, followed down the river bottom, and crossed the stream

as many as thirty-five times before it reached the mouth of the Muddy. The river bed consists of constantly moving quicksands, which continually change the current, so that one can never tell where the treacherous sands may be encountered, dangerous alike to both animals and wagons. The only safety is in moving



CAMP SPRING

It was a popular camping place for travelers over the Old Spanish Trail, and a spot where some of the tragedies of the lonely road were enacted.

as rapidly as possible, until the dangerous places are passed; to stop for only a few moments would often prove serious, if not fatal.

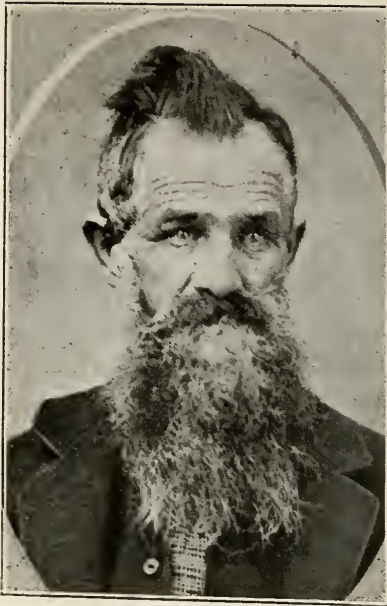
Many loose animals are caught and perish in these quicksands, and on one occasion a wagon loaded with heavy mining machinery, which was being freighted from the coast to Utah, was caught in the sand, at a point just below the present site of Bunkerville, which, despite the efforts put forth to save the valuable freight, sank until it entirely disappeared.

Jack Longstreet and Old Man Dry

Soon after the close of the civil war a man came into the Muddy valley, and settled there. He called himself Jack Longstreet, and claimed to be a relative of General Longstreet, of the Confederate army. He was a man of prepossessing appearance, with dark hair which fell in curls to his shoulders. Soon after another man, known as Old Man Dry, brought a band of horses into the valley, and declared his intention to

establish a ranch. Bad blood developed between the two men, and one day they met. Just what happened no one knows. Longstreet reported that Dry drew his gun and threatened to kill him, and that he fired first with fatal effect. An Indian woman, who claimed to have witnessed the affair declared that Longstreet fired from ambush, and killed Dry. Soon after Longstreet left the valley, and went to the mining camps of California.

Leonard S. Conger



LEONARD S. CONGER

He carried the United States Mail over the Old Spanish Trail in 1851-2, when danger threatened on every mile of the desert road.

Leonard S. Conger was the first man to carry the United States mail from Salt Lake to San Bernardino, over the Old Spanish Trail. During the years 1851-52 he rode the difficult and dangerous route, often entirely alone. The writer has often listened with rapt attention while this man related the thrilling experiences which he passed through while riding over the desolate stretches which the road crossed. He knew the water holes and scattering patches of grass, and would often stay over, during the day, in some open space, where he could watch for Indians, while his animals grazed and rested, and when darkness came, press on through the more lonely and dangerous places.

Upon one occasion, after leaving Los Vegas, he was followed by Indians, frequently

exchanging shots with them, and did not remove the packs from his animals until he reached Gunlock, in Utah, a distance of 150 miles. He related that upon one occasion he met a company of emigrants at the Vegas who had engaged in a fight with Indians, in which a white woman had been killed. She was buried and the train moved on. On his return trip Conger found the remains of the woman, which had been disinterred by the Indians, propped up against a cottonwood tree. He reburied the body, but as he passed the point again, found it in

the same position as on his previous trip. Three times he buried the remains of that unfortunate woman, before they were permitted to rest in peace.

It was on this Old Trail, on the Mojave river, south of the Vegas, that Franklin B. Woolley was killed, in March, 1869, by Mojave Indians; and over the lonesome and dangerous road his younger brother brought the remains to St. George, for interment, an example of devotion and courage rarely equalled. (See *Era*, May, 1916.)

Romances of the Old Trail—The Peg Leg Mine

Many of the trails traveled by the early trappers and prospectors have their lost mines. Somewhere along the trail of the Mormon Battalion, in the extreme eastern part of California, or western Arizona, the Peg Leg mine awaits the fortunate man who may discover and unearth its hidden treasure. Men have perished on the desert as they searched for it, other men have fought and died for possession of the precious water holes, near where it is said to be, but none have seen it since the death of Peg Leg Smith, who came to San Bernardino with a large quantity of gold which he had brought in from the desert, and in a drunken orgy, in celebration of his discovery, died without divulging its location.

The Lost Cabin Mine

Near the Pioneer Trail, in Wyoming, the Lost Cabin Mine, of fabulous richness, has defied all efforts to relocate since the original discoverers were obliged to abandon it, as they thought, for a brief period only.

The Spanish Trail Has Fortune For You—The Lost Lead

When word reached the East that gold had been discovered on the American and Feather rivers, in California, a great rush set in for the new Eldorado. Among the venturesome men, who staked their all on uncertainty, there was one party which traveled over the Old Spanish Trail, and had among its members a boy of seventeen years, whose name was Jim Houdon. From Cedar City the party traveled, *via* Iron and Antelope Springs, to Camp Spring, and from that point on to Beaver Dams. Many years after, when he was a man past middle age, Jim Houdon appeared at St. George, in southern Utah, and this is the story which he told:

At some point, after leaving Cedar City, the company after watering their horses at a spring, drove on, and that night made a dry camp. Near the camp ground there was a high hill, and Jim Houdon climbed to the top of it and looked

off in the direction of the promised land toward which he was journeying. On the top of this hill he observed some black looking boulders and, upon picking one of them up, discovered that it was very heavy. He carried a piece of the rock to camp where it was broken and examined, and putting a piece in his pack carried it to California.

He remembered that the camp was at a place where pinion pine trees grew, because they gathered and roasted pine nuts in the camp fire, and the next day drove down to a stream where the Indians were farming, and bought roasting ears from them. Upon his arrival in California Houdon had the sample of ore analysed and it proved to be high grade silver. While working in the gold mines of California, the rush to Australia began, where exceedingly rich gold fields had been discovered, and Jim Houdon went with others, hoping that a fortune awaited him, on the other side of the globe. He carried the piece of Utah ore with him, and again had it tested, with the same result, the assayer declared it to be very high grade silver.

Then Jim Houdon returned to St. George, in southern Utah, which had been established since he went to California, believing that he could find the place where he had picked up the rich ore many years before. Carefully he searched the country between Iron Springs and Beaver Dams, but all in vain. So many years had elapsed, the country had so changed, and new roads had so far obliterated the Old Trail, that identification of either the spring where the teams were watered, or the dry camp ground was impossible, and he finally left, to seek his fortune in other fields, a broken and disappointed man.

Tradition located the Lost Lead, as it came to be known, on to Magotsu, between Cane Spring and the Santa Clara. Who will be the fortunate discoverer of this lost load, or, did it exist only in the imagination of Jim Houdon? He believed implicitly in it, otherwise he would not have come from the Antipodes to search for it.

The Breyfogle Mine

In the early fifties an emigrant train took the southern route from Salt Lake to California. The story is told that while crossing the desert country, not far from Death Valley, a member of the party, whose name was Breyfogle, took his gun and went out to hunt. Some distance from camp he found a vein of decomposed quartz, heavily impregnated with coarse gold. Breaking off some samples, he hurried back to camp and endeavored to persuade the captain of the company to stop and investigate his discovery, but the captain, more

anxious to get his people safely across the desert than to hunt for gold, refused and moved on. After reaching California Breyfogle returned with others, but failed to identify the place where the gold had been found.

The Lost Gunsight Mine

Another party of emigrants are said to have abandoned their wagons, at a point near Death Valley, and pressed on, some on foot, and others riding the animals. One member of the party, upon arrival at Los Angeles, took his rifle to a gun



Top: The Oldest Fort in Nevada, located at Stewart Ranch, Las Vegas, Nevada.

Bottom: S. L. R. R. Depot and Eating House, Las Vegas, Nevada.

smith to have it resighted, and asked that a piece of metal, which he had found on the desert, be used for the purpose. The gunsmith identified the metal as native silver, and an expedition was sent back with the emigrant, but the latter could not locate the place where he had found the silver. Thus we have the Lost Gunsight Mine.

The Lead Mines of Las Vegas

It is a well known fact that in the late fifties the Utah Pioneers mined lead ore near Las Vegas, erected smelters at the latter point where it was smelted and converted into pig lead, which was hauled over the Old Trail to Salt Lake and moulded into bullets, silver bullets, for the lead carried good values in silver, which there was no means of extracting at that time.

Allen G. Campbell, well-known Utah mining man, later located these mines, and they are probably in operation at this time.

A Real Romance of the Desert

Among the men who traveled over the Old Trail there was not one who knew it better than Francis M. Lyman. While not a professional freighter, he crossed the desert, from Utah to California, sixteen times, no other man, so far as we are aware, having an equal record, unless it might be Leonard S. Conger, the mail carrier. From President Lyman's journal I quote, as follows:

"I reached the beach at San Pedro about the 22nd of August, 1856. While loading up my wagon I saw a bewitching girl, in a lawn dress, pass across the camp ground, and I thought I never saw anything half so fine. We reached San Bernardino with our loads, about the 26th of August, and I made bold to get sight of so remarkable a creature and in a moment recognized in Rhoda Taylor, the same charming girl who had flitted across the camp ground before me at the beach. Now I confess the truth I was captivated, I was frantically in—. I could not help it. I was never taken just that way before, and I did not know how to resist it, and I have always been thankful, since, that I did not."

It is only necessary to add that the introduction and courtship which followed resulted in marriage, and that the honeymoon of this couple, later so prominently identified with the development of Utah and the West, was spent as they journeyed over the Old Spanish Trail, from San Bernardino to Utah.

The Inexpressible Desert

There is something inexpressible connected with the desert. Its vastness, its broad expanse, its ever changing panorama of hills and buttes, its silence and solitude, the beauty of its sunset,

the glory of its moon and brilliancy of its stars, are to be found in no other place, among all the works of the Creator. One who has gazed upon the marvel of a desert mirage, where lakes and rivers, towns and castles, forest and plains beckon the thirsty wayfarer on, only to vanish into barren plains as he approaches, once seen can never be forgotten. The variety and individuality of the desert shrubs and plants, with the beauty and fragrance of their blossoms, once you are under the influence of this des-



FRANCIS M. LYMAN

He was not a professional freighter, but crossed the desert sixteen times, and spent his honeymoon traveling over the Old Spanish Trail.

ert holds you with a power which is well nigh irresistible, even though you know that its call may be the last you shall ever hear.

The desert landscape shown in the illustration was taken at a point where mocking birds in great numbers had built their nests and were rearing their young, singing their inimitable songs as the kodak clicked. Why does the mocking bird choose

the desert for his home, while rearing his young? Because the century plants, the cacti, and other thorny desert shrubs, give protection to his nest, from predatory birds and animals which, like predatory men, prey upon the innocent and defenseless.

It was in such an environment, under the light of desert skies, where the mocking bird trills his happy lay, that Francis M. Lyman and Rhoda Taylor spent their honeymoon.

His Need of Me---The Answer

In a dream of night, 'twas a wintry night,
 My Lord came near unto me,
 And stood in the light of a room all white,
 And spoke these words unto me:
 "Oh, why do you shirk, why not do the work,
 That your Lord would have you do?"

In this dream of night I answered outright.
 "Why, Lord, hast thou need of me?
 In my lowly state, and the season late,
 Oh, what can I do for thee?
 Wherein do I shirk, and where is the work
 That my Lord would have me do?"

"My purse is so poor, I've nothing in store,
 I stand in my lowly place;
 So here in the night, in this room all white
 By light of thy radiant face,
 Reveal unto me why thou needest me.
 And what thou would'st have me do."

The Answer

"Don't think that you need the wealth piled by greed.
 Nor a place of pride and power;
 You need but the will and the wish to fill
 Men's souls in their earthly hour
 With the living truth, the arousing truth,
 That your Lord would have you speak.

"All the gold men lure from toils of the poor.
 Is but the limit of sin;
 And the stately piles that they build the whites,
 I never can dwell therein;
 From the world's dim birth to the end of earth,
 I win by the power of truth.

"If the truth be told, all the wrongs of old
 Will lift from the paths of men;
 So this is the work you must never shirk,
To publish the truth to men.
 And to pave the way for the coming day
 When Brotherhood rules the earth."

C. N. Lund



Hearts and Hollyhocks

*A Story of Love, Struggle
and Society*

*by
Ruth Moench Bell*

Chapter XI

(Concluded)

Judith saw Phil leave the room and her heart sank. She had vaguely hoped that he might seek Edna with comforting words. A misgiving now smote her that he was so thoroughly incensed against her that he would leave her forever. She should have consulted him, she could see that. She had been obsessed by the idea that this old-fashioned merrymaking might not only please Edna, but recall happy times to Phil; and win him back to her, or at least make it easier for her to come to him.

The plan was ill-advised. The presence of the other men must have been torture to Edna, knowing that John could not be there. It would help Edna a little to have her friends cordial with her. That much, at least, the party had accomplished. But if it cost the last shred of Phil's regard, the price would be fearful for so little.

Entirely oblivious of the fact that the party had failed of its object, in cheering Edna Shirley; equally oblivious of the fact that it might make a permanent breach between Judith and Phil, the guests were having a glorious time. Judith slipped out unobserved, into the reception hall.

She knew that Edna would not leave without seeking her. And if Phil were seriously displeased it would be better to meet him apart from the others and explain if he would listen.

Phil had found solitude more trying than he had supposed it could be and was just coming in as Judith stepped into the hall. He attempted to pass her. Judith reached out her hand to detain him: "Please, Phil," she pleaded. "The women were planning to snub Edna after all she had gone through. I couldn't bear it, dear, we were little girls together, life-long friends. This is her home town. I couldn't see her treated so."

"And so you entertained in her honor?"

"Not in her honor, dear, I invited, I even begged her dearest friends to come and make her feel our love and sympathy."

"A fine way to pet criminals, I should think." He turned on his heel again.

"There isn't one of us fit to touch her hand, Phil. For nearly two years she has starved with him. She has slaved for

three dollars a week to help him in their support. She didn't have to go to him. She didn't have to sacrifice her life that way."

"No, and he didn't have to steal the money for her. He just did it, that's all. I should think that was the least she could do to make amends. He made himself a criminal for her. Nothing else on earth would have made him do as he did."

"He did it so she could follow the pace we set."

"The pace we set? Hadn't we a right?"

"Oh, we were right enough, I suppose, but was it righteous? Don't sneer, Phil. I don't pretend that I didn't enjoy spending the money. I was proud of you because you could acquire it. My vanity was pleased at the distinction of being social leader. It seemed clever of you to get control of commodities that people could not do without and then charge what you pleased for them."

"I don't in the least see what you are driving at."

"I'm trying to say that it seemed right and as clever as could be. I never felt differently till I saw Edna's face. Even if we had gotten it all fairly there were so many fine things we might have done with it instead of using it to awaken envy in the hearts of others. I must go and find Edna, now. You will forgive me, won't you, Phil?"

They were interrupted by the ringing of the door bell. "I'll go to Edna. You answer the door, Phil." And Judith slipped out.

Phil opened the door to Sheriff Heron. "I've just taken Edna down to see John," he explained. "She wanted me to come in and tell Judith. I met her on the way down and walked with her to see if I couldn't get some concessions. They had John in with a drunken negro and a half crazed Italian who fancied himself Caruso and was regaling everyone with grand opera."

"Surely they could have done better than that for him," Phil declared.

"The jail was crowded and they thought they had done their best. The warden has given him a couch in his office, now. It was against orders for Edna to be admitted at such an hour, but we fixed that up, too. I told the warden it was the last thing he could do for me there."

"Last thing? What do you mean?"

"I'm resigning. I made up my mind when I brought John in, that would be the last job of that kind for me. It is only by the grace of God that we are not all there behind the bars."

"To hear you and my wife tell it, I'm the real criminal," Phil scoffed.

"Oh, you're all right, I suppose, Phil. But the fellows that have got off free are the ones that should be behind the bars, the fake promoters, who know they are promoting nothing but their own interests. They are the ones, preying on the credulity of the ignorant and breaking down the integrity of men in weak moments."

"You're right there, Heron. We'll go after them and see what can be done. Order has to be maintained, you know, and justice enforced."

"I know, Phil, I'm not blaming you. It's the law and right enough. I've brought them in by the score and it never troubled me before. It's just because John and I went swimming together and played marbles and all the rest of it, and I know he was straight as a die then. It kind of got on my nerves. I'm not a religious man, you know; but every clack of the car wheels seemed to say 'vengeance is mine, vengeance, vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord. And then I'd look at John's face and it certainly looked as if someone had got their vengeance in already and I couldn't see any reason why I should follow it up."

"Judith takes it all on herself," Phil said thoughtfully. "She wants me to get him off. I don't know that I could do that."

"Your wealth and influence would go a long way towards freeing him."

Judith, entering at that moment, heard the sheriff's remark and knew its import. Without waiting for explanations she flung her arms about her husband's neck and kissed him rapturously. "You darling," she cried in relief. "I knew you'd do it. And if you don't mind, I want to give Edna back her old home next to ours. You gave it to me, you know."

"Go as far it you like," Phil laughed good-naturedly. "This thing's been troubling me more than I cared to admit. If you don't care, Heron, we'll go down to the jail together and tell John that we'll try to fix things up for him. He'll rest better the remainder of the night. They'll let me in, if I come with you, I suppose."

"You better believe they will," Sheriff Heron laughed. "If we have to wake the governor to get a permit we'll get in and put his mind and Edna's at rest."

"Is Edna with him?" Judith asked.

"Yes, she sent this note of apology to you. She didn't mean to run off like that. I could see she had been crying and couldn't stand to meet anyone."

"Tell her about the house," Judith laughed happily. "I must go in and look after my guests."

The first impression of the sheriff's and Phil's, as they were admitted into the warden's office where sat Edna and John,

was that a flood of light filled the room. Later they realized that the light was wholly spiritual and shone from the eyes of Edna and John. They seemed to have climbed the heights and conversed with spiritual beings.

John got to his feet at sight of Phil. "Sorry old man," Phil held out his hand and grasped John's heartily. "I think we can get you out of here. I'm going to do my best. I came down to assure you of that."

"And Phil's best will go a long ways," Sheriff Heron broke in and he, too, grasped John by the hand.

It seemed to take fully a minute for the import of what they said to reach John. Edna was the first to get it. Nobody remembered afterward whether she had flung her arms about Phil's neck as Judith had done. She appeared to laugh and cry at the same time in sheer gratitude, and yet not with any suggestion of weakness.

"You've been so good to us," she cried gratefully.

"And Judith sends you word that you are to have your old home back again. I gave it to her, you know. Now you can live across the lawn from each other as you used to do."

Then the first cloud shaded the light. Edna looked at John and he looked at her. Edna was the first to speak.

"It's so good of Judith and you, and I hate to have to refuse. But John and I have been talking things over together. There's a little family of children that were orphaned a few days ago, a boy of twelve, a girl of fourteen, and two little ones. I knew their father and mother well and found the children quite forlorn today. They seemed to take to me and I promised to adopt them. We are all going out to the little place where John and I spent our honeymoon. We are to have a little tea room and garden for automobilists or passers by. The boy is used to milking and taking care of a garden. The daughter seems delighted at the thought of helping me. Together we can make enough, perhaps, to live on till John can come to us. I'll have some one to love and work for out there, so it won't be lonely while we are waiting. I want to go back to the peace and comfort of grandfather's slow-ticking clock. No hurry, no worry! Apples and vegetables in the cellar, the good, old cellar! A cow in the barn! Chickens to feed and children to feed them. The clean, beautiful litter of doll parasols! Long, lovely evenings to read and sing and dream! We are going to fill each moment so full that the time will speed till John comes. Then we'll be happy together and forget everything that is past."

"We'll get him back to you as soon as we can," Phil assured her.

Here John interposed, "I hope you won't think me an un-

grateful wretch, Phil," he said humbly. "I've been a weak, sniveling schoolboy long enough. I ought to have faced this thing long ago. To shield Edna—no, I'll not say that. A man should be captain of his soul. It is the set of the soul that sets the sail! I've fallen, Phil, and I must rise and get up, too, without help. I must pay the price. I've 'been baffled to fight better.'"

"John, surely you are not refusing—" Edna cut in tremulously.

"I must, dear, every accountant in the country might excuse himself because of me. Every man unjustly imprisoned would be embittered because I had been unjustly freed. Help cut the sentence down a little if you wish. But the law must be upheld as long as it is the law. Some there are who belong here, unfortunately. Some need a physician. Others should have a helping hand; and there are those whose need is for right education and vocational training. Judges are only human, sometimes hurried and sometimes preoccupied. If all were judged with the 'minds of ten men and the heart of one woman,' many might not be here at all. 'Am I my brother's keeper?' must mean something to humanity some day. Call this our mission. I wouldn't have chosen my part, perhaps. But if you two will work on the outside, we ought to be able to help some less fortunate than I."

The sheriff and Phil grasped John's hand in silent appreciation of the sacrifice his new found manhood was ready to make. Edna, smiling through her tears, signified her approval, even though it deprived her of his presence for a few years.

"I understand how you feel, John," Phil said as he turned to go. "But just the same, if I can, we'll cut the sentence down. I need you. The business needs you. You must help me carry out those plans you made for the workmen years ago. You have something that I only began groping toward this evening."

"Perhaps it's humanity, Phil. I suppose one of the objects of living is to teach us that; and suffering seems the only way. There must be a purpose back of all this. I've got to seek it out and fulfil it to the uttermost."

"You can count on us both," the sheriff assured John. "Maybe I'd better stay in the harness, if they still want me. I had resigned, you know. But you've set me thinking. Maybe bringing men in, is the least of my duties. I believe I always felt a little superior to the men I brought in until I had to get you. But *you* always did pity the under dog."

"I may have pitied them, but I never understood them before, and really sympathized. To be honest, I think there was always a shade of contempt in my pity, till those two years

as an underdog among the underdogs of New York, when I felt their fine humanity. And then here! It was really here I found my soul. I've been thinking tonight, after Edna made her plan and so left me free to pay my price, perhaps there is something unplumbed still in that wonderful saying of the greatest of all humanitarians, 'He who *loseth* his life shall *find* it.'"

John's voice choked on the last words, and the sheriff and Phil went considerably outside and waited for Edna.

"I'm proud of you, dear," she said as she kissed him good-bye. "We'll both have to be brave—and 'fight better'."

(*The End*)

An Old, Black Crow

An old black crow
On our bleak fence row
Sang "Caw, caw, caw;"
And the wintry wind was raw;
The sleety snow with the wind did blow,
But "Caw, caw, caw,"
Though the winter wind did gnaw,
Sang that queer old crow on our fence row.

And his voice was hoarse
For his song, of course,
Was crude, and harsh, and slow,
And one lone tune he seemed to know.

That same old crow,
On the same fence row,
Sings, "Caw, caw, caw,"
Now the Spring's soft breezes thaw,
His tune's unchanged,
His feathers arranged
As when the north wind blew,
And he seems the same all through.

Now, say, are you
The same all through,
As seasons come and go,
As does the summer and the snow?
I hear a, "No."
Then my old crow
Is wiser far than we,
In that he'll change not easily.

Alan C. Reidpath

A Relic of Gadianton: Old Posey as I Knew Him

By Albert R. Lyman, of the Presidency of the San Juan Stake, and Author of "Voice of the Intangible"

Pardon the vertical pronoun; this account is based on forty years' acquaintance with Posey himself, and parts of it may be told to better advantage in the first person singular. Right here it should be clearly understood that no hatred, nor anything akin to it, prompts this writing, which must of necessity touch only the high places in a long and interesting career.

Posey was born about sixty years ago. When he arrived in San Juan, a tiny brown papoose, the will and wishes of his people constituted the supreme law of the land, unless they failed to agree with one another. He grew up to regard himself as an important judge in the court of last resort, and he regarded the rugged rocks of his beloved San Juan as the means by which his decisions were to be enforced.

From the time that his fierce ancestors, of the Gadianton persuasion, swept their pale brethren from the two Americas, his people had known no law, but in idleness had contrived to live by plundering their neighbors. Posey inherited the instinct of this business from robbers of many generations. The old Piutes in San Juan still boast of how they raided the Navajos and stole their women, pointing out many a pass where they waylaid them with telling slaughter. From such exploits they returned exulting, and in safety, to the defenses of their chosen retreats in San Juan.

Grass grew high on the hills when Posey was young; deer, beaver and other game could be easily found, and the Piutes lived on the fat of their splendid isolation. In the mountains a hundred miles to the east a few adventurous cow-men had made claim to ranch-sites, and off across the Colorado, to the west and north, lay the scattered "Mormon" settlements. But the country now comprising San Juan county contained wonderful retreats over whose dim trails white men had never found their way.

In the latter 70's cow-men came with their cattle into the east side of the county, and not only because they carried guns,

but also because they boasted of some intangible force behind them which they called *Uncle Sam*, they became a threat and a menace to Piute supremacy in San Juan.

These are the monsters with which Posey fought the dream battles of his youth, the invaders against which he fortified his later years. There is no reason to doubt he took part in the fight in La Sal Mountain, and that he was a valiant brave at Soldier Crossing. He did not think proper at all times to admit it, but to expect a youth of his fire to refrain is expecting too much. You and I would have been right there, under the same circumstances, unless, indeed, we had lacked the sand or the tribal devotion.

In 1880, the "Mormon" colony settled at Bluff, a plump



Blanding natural bridge. Situated in West Water Gulch, a little way below where the Indians were camped when the fight began.

hundred miles from any other town, and almost as far from any permanent human dwelling. Having come in response to a call from their Church leaders to encourage friendly relations with the Indians, they raised at once the standard of peace, and the Piutes discovered they could be robbed without fear of any such severity as they had learned to expect from the cow-men. The settlers talked, it is true, about the intangible *Uncle Sam*, but due to their isolation, their fewness in numbers, and more still to their peaceful mission in the country, they made slow haste towards legal action against the Indians.

Posey soon grew strong in his belief that the settlers were his prey, in spite of themselves, and in spite of the immaterial law behind them. Before I knew his sombre face from the faces of the other Piutes, I knew his reputation from hearing

my father tell of taking our horses from him at various times.

I was still in my tender years when I made Posey's personal acquaintance; it was at the head of Peavine Canyon on Elk Mountain, when his camp was within a stone's throw of ours. No childish prejudice prevented my standing around his smoky fire to look and listen with his own half-clothed children, imbibing the strange fancies of their wild freedom. Neither their ignorance, their superstition nor their filth, concealed the real charm of life as they lived it; such extravagant liberties—such novel partnership with the wind and the flowers and the trees! No hands of a clock disturbed their composure, and "thou shalt not," never entered so much as their dreams. I was captivated; I wanted my father to confirm a whispered report that I had a distant Indian ancestor.

Scotty lived with his brother Posey then, as he has ever since, till the present trouble. How they came to camp in the gray dawn with their "kill" of deer across their saddles; how they helped us catch wild horses, gave us samples of their saltless dried venison, studying our lives and telling about their own, are matters too lengthy for this story. But Posey's winning young squaw should be mentioned, also his two little boys, his old father, Cheerpoots, who herded and milked the goats; and their genial camp where they prepared their food, their medicines, their buckskin, and where they sang to keep on good terms with the god of fat game and good hunting.

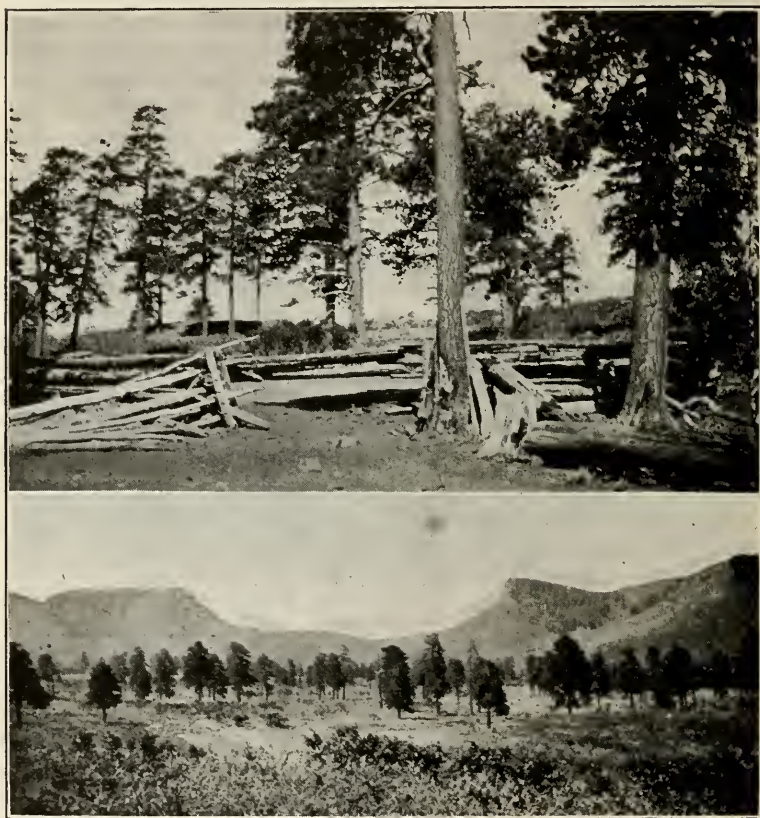
Posey traded us a sorrel pony for a broncho mare, but a few weeks later the pony was replevined by a Navajo from whom it had been stolen.

Soon after we parted at Peavine, Posey killed his squaw, the mother of two little boys. I shall not say, as her people declared at the time, that the shooting was intentional, and done in a fit of anger. So far as I know it was but a terrible accident for which Posey paid dearly; not because of the twelve horses her brother Poke required as a sort of fine, but because he was a long time in exile, and grief-stricken over her loss. Besides that, he was required to marry another certain one of Poke's sisters who, even though the killing were intentional, has no doubt exacted a substantial installment of the price justice demands.

The phase of that tragedy which appealed to me, and which is still indelibly impressed in my memory, is the burning of the unfortunate woman's body. Prompted by a prying curiosity, I went with two other youngsters to visit the cave where the fire had been burning twenty-four hours, and the old Piute, discovering our unwarranted trespass, rode up between us and our horses and gave us a desperate chase. I feel today the positive effect of that ordeal in my lungs, but I forgave Posey long

ago, having seen the game from his angle.

When he came back from that exile, he stole horses unfailingly, and faithfully, and successfully for ten years. Many a thrilling story could be told about it, but what concerns us is that he "got off with it," proved Uncle Sam's government in San Juan an easy and harmless adversary, and flattered himself that Gadianon still reigned supreme.



Top: Peavine Corral, near the head of Peavine Canyon on the Elk Mountain. Posey and Scotty helped capture many a wild band of horses in this corral, and proved here their fine skill with a lasso rope.

Bottom: A view of the Bear's Ears, on Elk Mountain, looking south.

I was moving a herd of cattle across Elk Mountain, and found myself without enough help to go on; worse still, due to some poison herb, we left several carcasses on our bedground every morning. Something had to happen at once. Knowing Posey claimed Long Point as a horse ranch, I went there hop-

ing to find him. Discovering a fresh track I followed it post haste and overtook Posey's boy riding one of my horses. Considering only the value of the cattle I represented, I swallowed my wrath, pretending not to recognize the horse, and tried to employ the boy, but had to accept his assurance that his father would join me in the evening.

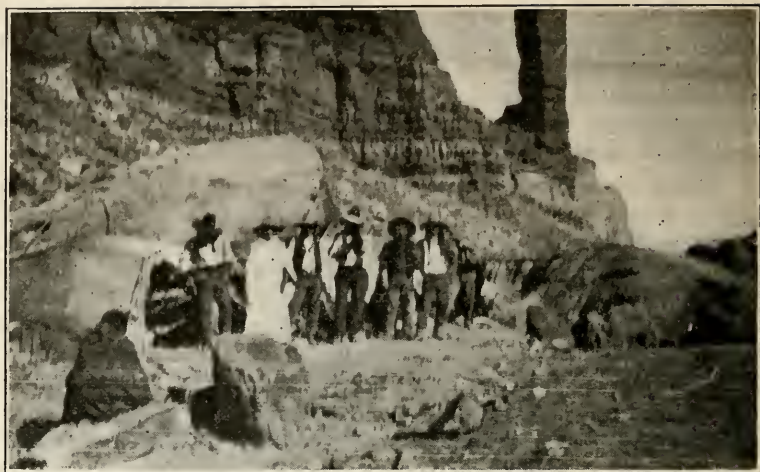
Posey never looked more acceptable than when he rode up Kigaly Draw in the early dusk with a quarter of venison and an extra horse. As a cow-boy he filled the bill to a "t." He could cook, find horses in the early morning, drive cows, see tracks, detect sounds in the darkness, and do everything the job required. As company, in leisure moments, around the fire and around the herd, he never grew dull, and the strange charm of his life appealed to me the more. I hated the thought, ever intruding on my mind, that my horse in his possession must become a troublesome interruption to the friendship we seemed to be building. I resolved not to mention the matter till within safe distance of my destination for fear he might quit abruptly and leave me in the lurch.

When within two miles of L C ranch, I asked what he knew about my brown horse. Nothing; he hadn't seen him for a long time, and his pretended innocence was so complete with tone and gesture that I would have accepted it if I had not known better. But I did know better—I was not angry, I meant business, I wanted my horse, and I meant to have him. Posey's countenance fell; the very idea that I should pretend any friendship and at the same time challenge his sovereign right to steal horses!

But he didn't quit. Instead he "stuck closer than a brother" till he received his check, for he feared the brown horse was to enter unpleasantly into the settlement. With his name and the amount safely written on the "*panacahre*," he tucked it into his greasy old trousers, mounted his cayuse with outraged expression, and disappeared up L C trail. He got the brown horse without delay and sold it to a Navajo.

When the brown horse was duly replevined from the Navajo, and the latter demanded the return of its value from Posey, it is not at all surprising that Posey should appropriate another of my horses. This time he cut out the brand, which didn't prevent the animal being readily recognized and taken from him without ceremony.

This procedure was rather sudden for fourteen hundred years of untamed Gadiantonism, and Posey's wrath mounted above fever heat while he breathed out terrible threats, declaring incidentally that I would soon disappear from the earth. I put the case before Kumen Jones, Francis Nielson and other



A group of Piutes at the base of the cliff just north of the bluff, the view northeast. The lone finger standing up behind them, reaches a dizzy height.

conservative men, asking whether I should swear out a complaint and have him arrested. They advised for two reasons to desist: First: it was hardly in keeping with the peace policy we had pursued; and who was I, that I should not suffer the things my father and others had suffered a long time patiently? Second: We were few in number, a big per cent of our men and boys away from town, and fifty miles to the first outside help.

Posey had long doted on the peace policy of the "Mormon" settlement, and he figured that nothing they had in the shape of written law was as positive as the fighting spirit to which his soul harked back through a long line of untamed ancestors. He meant to teach the meek settlers what manner of stock he represented, and proceeding with great dignity into the orchards and gardens, he helped himself to peaches and melons. He took care, however, to select homes from which the men and big boys were away, and he terrified the women and children with threats and insults.

The wise men of the town reconsidered. "Stealing our horses and butchering our cattle is one thing," they said, "but terrifying our women and children is a different matter; and since we can reach Posey more easily on your charge of stealing horses, we think you should swear out a complaint and go ahead."

This is not a story of adventure, but no one in the little

company who went with that warrant to Posey's camp, could cover the snappy particulars of their trip in an account of this length. But they marched him out, kicking and fighting in the handcuffs, and took him and his belligerent squaw into town.

It became my bad fortune to be further mixed up in this unpleasant affair when the county attorney, finding it inconvenient to attend, insisted that I take his place at the preliminary hearing in the Justice's Court. Posey took this to indicate me as the main one causing him so much trouble, and cherished revenge accordingly.

After being bound over to appear in the district court, and before he could be removed to the county jail, he broke from the sheriff; and, joining his people waiting with fresh horses in the willows, made good his escape in spite of the posse which followed. And then again to make the matter vital to me, and write the name of Posey indelibly on my memory, he made straight for my cattle range near the junction of the San Juan and the Colorado, and sent word that he would make of me a feast for the coyotes when I visited my cattle again.

His stay in, and my unavoidable visits to that quarter, were full of thrills for us both, but again the story must be abridged. He hid there in fear, preserving a constant vigil day and night till his nerves became rickety, and he sent word asking that we drop the charge and let him return.

Would we forgive him? Surely. We jumped at the hope that he had learned the first essential for enjoying freedom—that he had taken the first step to live in peace as we sought it. But he hadn't. Our rights and our liberty were guaranteed to us by our obedience to law, and we loved and obeyed it for that reason. Posey hated it. It had appeared as a black cloud on the horizon of his Gadianton life, it had taken positive form, dragged him from his wickiup and condemned him in one of its lower courts, all for living the sovereign life his ancestors had lived without successful challenge. He brooded over it day and night.

But he did more than brood: he ascertained the general small calibre of the white man's gun, and determined to have something greater. So he traveled afar till he got the desired artillery and a big pile of cartridges, and then he became more chesty and insolent than before.

Hearing that Poke's boy, Tse-Ne-Gat, was charged with the murder of Juan Chacon and likely to be arrested, Posey cherished the big gun in great anticipation. But besides the gun he had another trick to play, and when the marshal's posses appeared he rode up under cover of a white flag and shot Jose

Cordova through the body before his treachery was detected. Then the posse discovered the calibre and his rifle, and had to arm themselves accordingly before going on with the fight.

The story of Poke and Posey, and how General Hugh L. Scott induced them and their sons to surrender, is quite generally known, having been given wide publicity at the time. They all went out, as they supposed, to be tried, but they all came back exonerated of blame, and more or less famous for what seemed to a misinformed public to be a heroic part. Posey interpreted the affair as the government's official recognition of his right to do as he pleased. When people questioned his conduct, he gave them to understand that behind him was Uncle Sam in general, and General Scott in particular.

This is not intended to reflect discredit on General Scott, whose motives were the admiration of all who understood them. But Posey failed to grasp the magnitude of the General's effort, and to know that the General's watchword is obedience and devotion to Uncle Sam.

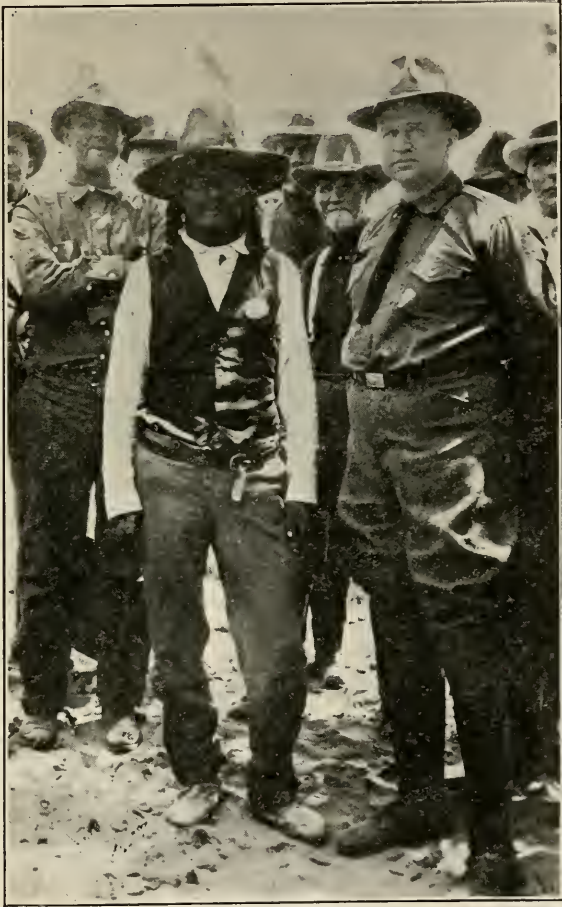
And then an Indian Rights man, hunting for a certain kind of story, and determined to steer clear of anything else, came quietly into the country, sought out Posey, and went back to the east to publish a highly colored and misleading article. People read this account with hateful feelings towards the white settlers of San Juan, and sent frequent words of encouragement to the Piute outlaw. If they had been compelled to live near him long at a time they would surely have found it impossible to live at peace with a neighbor who claims immunity from the law.

With this flattering assurance of support from the outside, Posey took heart to get another long range gun and cartridges galore, and became a chronic agitator among his people, a factor for anything but good citizenship. He declared that no white man's bullet could kill him, that if it were aimed straight at him it would turn around him or fall harmless to the ground. His oldest son declared in disgust he was crazy; and Poke also gave him up as an unprofitable associate.

On the nineteenth of March, the present year, I was asked by the Piutes to defend two of their young men charged with robbing a sheep camp at the point of a gun. Posey appeared before court opened; and, as it proceeded, his hatred for law and courts became more and more apparent. Though the defendants were not his kindred, he watched the damaging evidence presented against them, and betrayed his "legaphobia" by grunts and exclamations of unrest.

Sentence had not been passed when court adjourned for din-

ner, but the defendants broke from Sheriff Oliver whom they tried to kill, failing only through the faulty action of the gun they wrenched from his hand. Then with the men of Blanding gathering in haste with their ordinary rifles, Posey conducted the retreat of the outlaws, using his high-power weapons to the



The old warrior Posey, to the left; and Governor Charles R. Mabey, to the right. The picture was taken during a former uprising of the Indians in San Juan county.

best of his ability. One of his bullets, intended to clear the seat of Edson Black's car which was outrunning the Utes down the country, missed its mark by eight inches. Eight inches ahead

of where it crashed into the car, it would have pierced three men through the bowels. This is but one instance in the fight, which indicates Posey's unshaken belief that the war gods of Gadianton were fighting in his favor.

But he had carried the game too far. He had incited the young men to break away, had assured them he would make good their escape, and though it was no business of his, he had led in the fight through nothing but his unyielding hatred of law.

Early in the skirmish one of the defendants, Joe Bishop's boy, was shot dead; and somewhat later, Posey received two wounds, both of which might have been treated successfully if he had surrendered. Dropping out of the fight he took refuge in a cave, perhaps expecting to recover, but determined the settlers should not know their bullets had found him. When the rest of his people surrendered and came to town, he still waited in his cave, west of Comb Wash. Later when his son and another Piute were taken by a posse to help find him, the Ute boys carried the wounded man a supply of food, but kept his whereabouts a secret from the posse.

Then the search was delayed—people believed Posey had gone to Navajo Mountain, and the Piutes in the stockade in Blanding kept their secret while weary weeks passed away. And the old warrior waited alone, pacing the entire area of his limited field, for he had no horse and his strength began to fail. He built signal fires again and again, but they attracted no one. He mounted the rock above him and scanned the country by day and by night; no welcome smoke nor glimmer met his gaze, and no sound broke the hush of his solitary doom. The poison of his wounds grew worse, he became helpless and died, waiting and hoping for relief.

When the hunt began again, the Indians, still acting for the government, went straight to the cave fearing the worst, and finding Posey dead, made known the place of his concealment. If they had but done so before, he would have received medical attention. No right thinking person can take pleasure in contemplating the pain and anguish the misguided old chieftain must have suffered.

But there was to be no mistake about his identity: his body was exhumed twice after burial, examined and photographed by men who knew him well. And all around it was the little area he had patted hard with his pacing up and down. The ashes of his signal fires proved that he had burned them in no less than twenty places. He had carried in his hand a stick with which he marked on and tamped every inch of earth within reach of his resting places. On one of his lookouts he had

gouged out a rude seat and in it had sat for what must have seemed ages to him.

Posey, though fitted by nature to take a useful part in human affairs, was yet a "spoiled child," the victim of a wrong conception of human rights. He believed that the old style tribe, with its war paint and its fixed resistance, could overpower the excellent agencies of modern democracy, and he died trying to prove it.

Blanding, Utah



Posey's squaw waiting with the horses while her husband did some trading. Picture taken in 1907.

May I Ne'er be Ungrateful

When to the throne of grace I go
 And meet my record here below,
 Ah, many failings I shall see,
 For man can never perfect be.
 But there is one sin Lord, I pray
 May ne'er be held 'gainst me that day;
 Though even this thou may'st forgive,
 I pray thee, Lord that while I live,
 I may never be ungrateful.

Helen Kimball Orgill

Raymond, Canada

The Egotist

By H. L. Johnston

"My boy, you are starting out to win your way in the world. You will find pitfalls and temptations around every corner in your path through life. One of these temptations will be the lure of money, another, the power of position, and perhaps the greatest of all these evils is the smug blinding idea of ego or belief in your own individual self.

"My boy, always remember that self-confidence is a very good quality to find in a man, but when it blinds him to the fact that self-confidence in reality comes through asking and receiving this gift from God, then it becomes a great evil and breaks one of the ten commandments, for he is a worshiper of a false god—himself."

These words uttered by my aged father years ago now persisted in ringing in my ears as I lay gazing into the starlit heavens from my blanket on the windswept sands of a California desert.

It had been a day of bitter disappointment and I had been voicing my troubles to my solitary companion, Silent Terry, known all over the mining districts of eastern California.

Silent Terry had prospected since a young man of thirty. He was now old and grizzled, bent and stiffened, but his years of solitude, close to the works of God had made him a philosopher. It was seldom that Silent Terry said much, but on rare occasions he talked and then it seemed as if the flood-gates had been opened and wisdom came from his lips in a veritable torrent.

He listened patiently as I talked in my egotistical manner, hour after hour. At last he showed signs of life, and grunting, he sat up and said:

"Harrington, I understand from your talk that you have been the late Superintendent of the Ajax Quarries."

"Yes."

"And that you have been discharged because the 'coyote' you placed in the tunnel didn't pan out the way you thought it would. Go ahead and tell me all about it."

"Well, Silent, three months ago the Ajax came to the conclusion that they would tunnel from the lower quarry to the upper one, place a carload of powder or so in the tunnel, key it, and thus blow the two quarries together. There was a solid wall of granite between the two places and if the thing was worked right this wall would be broken up into three of four ton boulders which they intended to ship to the San Pedro breakwater. Then the two quarries would be made into one and much time and labor saved, not to mention a lot of money.

They sent for me. Of course, I could do it, and soon told them so. I was so confident in myself that I wrote into the

contract that in case of failure I would forfeit the two thousand dollars they offered me to do the work. There wasn't a thing about that 'coyote' that I didn't know about, and I started to work on it the very next morning."

"Did you ask help from anyone?" asked Silent.

"Who would I ask?" I queried.

"God," he answered.

"Pooh. Why should I ask Him? I wasn't needing any help from anyone. I have a diploma from one of the biggest engineering schools in the country," I replied.

"Yes, I understand, but He is one of the greatest of engineers."

"Oh, I see," I jeered, "but tell me, what did he have to do with this 'coyote'?"

"We'll see later. Go ahead with your story."

"I worked two months in that tunnel, Silent. I put in nearly two carloads of blasting powder, wedged and keyed it with tons of concrete, ran a big bunch of electric wires through the concrete to my blasting battery so as to have all the shots fire at once, and at seven o'clock that evening I confidently pushed down the lever and the blast was off.

"There came a roar and a shock that was terrific. It threw me off my feet. When the rocks had quit falling and the smoke and dust had cleared away. I walked over to where the tunnel had been to view my workmanship. What I saw made me sick.

"There had been ten hoisting derricks in the upper, and eight in the lower, quarry. These had been blown to bits and ruined. Forty cars, sent out by the railroad for the next day's loading had been reduced to twisted hulks of steel, but when I looked at what was left of the rock barrier, my heart sank into my shoes, and I stole away, for there wasn't a saleable rock left of the wall, just a shattered pile of ruined granite.

"The Ajax fired me, of course, and here I am with you. I'm broke all right, but nothing in the world can keep me down. We'll be looking at that old mine of yours tomorrow, and I can tell you in thirty minutes just what she is worth."

"Is that so?" mumbled Silent,

"Why, yes, Silent. That's what you hired me for, isn't it?"

"Yes. Harrington. I hired you to look the old mine over but I've just about come to the conclusion that you think you know too much. I'd rather have a man who isn't so all-fired sure of himself. Say, son, will you get sore at me if I try and teach you a little lesson?"

I was puzzled and a little bit worried by Silent's change of mind, but I reasoned that perhaps his years on the desert had

made him a little queer; anyway, even if he was criticizing and doubting my knowledge, I must humor him, for I really needed his money, so I replied: "No, I won't get sore. Go ahead. I'm listening."

Silent thought for a few moments, then asked:

"Why didn't Germany win the war?"

"Oh, that's easy. Because she was on the wrong side."

"Do you think that anyone in the world could have convinced the kaiser that he wasn't powerful enough to ride roughshod over every nation on earth?"

"I guess not."

"Well, the Kaiser was a victim of ego. He thought of nothing but himself, his army of trained men, his great iron ships. They were the false god he worshiped. Where is he now? An exile—his beloved empire ruined."

I thought for a moment or two and then muttered: "Oh, I see."

"Harrington, there was the biggest case of ego the world has ever seen. There was a speedy fall. Now I want you to understand that I am not trying to compare you with the ex-ruler of Germany, but I am of the opinion, that you think only of yourself and your own power, and that you are blind to the fact that all great things are accomplished with the help of the Eternal God above. A man must have trust and faith in God before he can have any degree of confidence in himself. God gives everything asked for in humility, and again God takes things away. It is past our understanding; but, Harrington, if you had been humble and had faith in God there is a chance that he would have so directed you that the 'Coyote' would not have been a failure. Instead you exalted yourself and your fall was great, wasn't it?"

I was angry and did not answer.

"Take a look into the heaven," continued Silent. "See those wonderful stars, that beautiful moon, those great and glorious mountains in the distance. Can't you ask yourself the question that we find in Psalms 8:3, 4, which goes like this * * * 'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou are mindful of him.' Can you see, my boy, that you are indeed lucky if God even notices you—you who think you are so wonderful?"

It was then that the words spoken by my father, so many years before started ringing in my ears. For a long time I was silent and then arose to my feet and grasped Silent Terry's toil-stained hand. Tears dimmed my eyes, and I was not ashamed of them for once in my life. At last I found myself mur-

muring: "Silent, you have opened my eyes. I would indeed be lucky if God so much as gave me a passing thought!"
Delta, Utah

Rainbow Bill

Clean and strong and versatile
Is our schoolmate Rainbow Bill
All the colors of his name
Glow with no uncertain flame
Where the gem of honor lies,
In his dark, expressive eyes.
All the sports on Temple Hill
Love the name of Rainbow Bill.

He's as peaceful as a lamb,
And as gentle as a dove;
He can take his share of slam
From the boys who have his love.
You may fool him many times
And retain his friendship still,
But I warn you, in my rhymes,
Trifle not with Rainbow Bill.

Once we form'd an honor ring,
And went out to haze a thing
That had skulked and run away
From his class on Founders' Day.
When the fun was at its height,
And the signal flash'd for fight,
Someone shouted, "Peace, be still!
Let me speak for Rainbow Bill!"

But we answer'd "Coward, back!"
And our Captain Stanley Black,
Struck young Rainbow in the face,
And he grovell'd in disgrace—
In disgrace, but not for long,
For the man was young and strong,
Even now I feel the thrill
That was staged by Rainbow Bill.

To his feet he quickly springs;
With a hammer-blow he brings
Stanley writhing at his feet
Then, defiant, turns to meet
Badger Wolf, and Tiger Brown
Both of whom had won renown,
And were eager for the mill
That would finish Rainbow Bill.

Colors red and green and blue
Were presented to the view
Of the fighters, great and small.
One by one our heroes fall—
Some had fought and run away.
They would come some other day
Or would get a gun and kill
The arch-demon Rainbow Bill.

Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah

But they didn't get the gun,
Neither did they stage the fight.
Bill had spoiled our little fun
And impair'd our sense of sight.
Though our heads and hearts were sore
When we came from Temple Hill,
We have never asked for more
At the hands of Rainbow Bill.

He's as peaceful as a lamb,
And as gentle as a dove;
He can take his share of slam
From the boys who have his love.
You may fool him many times
And retain his friendship still,
But I warn you, in my rhymes,
Trifle not with Rainbow Bill.

Rainbow heard the bugle call,
And his face grew stern and white,
While his stature straight and tall
Seem'd to tower to greater height.
"In the name of liberty"—
How our leaping spirits thrill
As we listen'd to the vow
Of our schoolmate Rainbow Bill—

"In the name of liberty!
In the name of God I stand
To defend the Banner free
That is waving o'er our land!"
Then he slowly marched away
Down the slope of Temple Hill.
We could only proudly say,
"God be with you, Rainbow Bill!"

It may be the marble bust
Of the Unknown Soldier brave
Now commemorates the dust
And the life that Rainbow gave.
Fierce and fiendish gods of war
Crush'd his body, not his will,
For no shot nor shell could mar
The immortal Rainbow Bill.

When the drums shall cease to beat
And the battle-flags are furled
When the waves of war retreat
From the shores of all the world,
May the Flag Without A Stain
To all nations flash the thrill
That it flashed into the brain
Of our schoolmate, Rainbow Bill.

Alfred Osmond

A Pioneer Incident

In the Life of Moses Monroe Curtis, of Pima, Arizona

By S. C. Richardson

In Provo, in 1853, just after the people began to move from the fort out on their little places, happened an incident that I think has never been written, though I am sure a few people will yet remember it.

Bears were plentiful, and wolves howled on all sides.

It was said the Indians would not kill a wolf, as they called them the "Great Spirit's dogs."

To show how plentiful they were, one evening just before going to bed, a neighbor sister went down into a half underground cellar.

Seeing a large animal inside, she quickly pulled the door too, and called her husband, who caught up his rifle and killed it, a large bear that had been helping himself to the provision they had put up for winter.

One night, Sister Farr, hearing a great noise among her chickens ran to the coop, when a large wolf bounded out, snapping at her as it passed.

Luckily it missed her body, but tore a great hole in her dress, as it went by.

Sheep and pigs even, had to be shut in high walls to keep them from being killed.

With such a picture of the scenes of those days, one can better appreciate the anxiety of the people, in the following remarkable incident.

A Brother Thomas, who married one of the Turner girls, had two children, a little girl and a boy, who would often go for a ride, out to the corn field about a mile and a half east of their home. So often would the father take them in the morning to have a ride back at noon on a big load of corn, that when one Thursday afternoon they were gone, the mother, after enquiring if they were at the home of one or two of the neighbors without finding them, concluded they had gone back with their father for another load.

Just after dark as the people were gathering for the usual Thursday evening testimony and prayer-meeting, the father came, but alone. The children had not been with him.

The word went out immediately that the children had been

gone since noon, and nearly every man and boy in town joined in the search party.

With pitch-pine torches, they spread in a line, and started towards the field, having no idea but that they had gone after their father.

Backward and forward went the string of men in ever widening circles, every little while shuddering at the awful sound of coyotes.

About two o'clock many of the searchers came back to the house where a number of the older people had gathered for prayer in behalf of the little ones.

Moses Curtis, father of the above, wrought up to the highest tension, stood joining in heartfelt prayer, when a voice said, "Moses, go straight north, quick."

He looked around. There was no one near. He could hardly credit his senses.

The voice spoke again. "Go, quick, straight north. Speak to no one. Take no one with you. Go, quick."

There was no one by him.

A third time the voice urged before he recovered enough to grasp his rifle and start.

As fast as he could go in the pitchy darkness, wildly straining every nerve; stumbling, but prayerfully hurrying.

About a mile and a half from the house, in another cornfield, he was suddenly stopped by a moan, and almost at his feet lay the little girl between two rows.

He caught her to his breast, and asked where her little brother was.

"Oh, he went home a long time ago," and she nestled in his arms.

A few hundred yards towards home he went, so dark scarcely a thing could be seen, when he stumbled upon the little boy, lying asleep in another corn row.

A rifle shot having been agreed upon as the signal that they were found, it was quickly fired.

It brought help, and soon the little ones were in their mother's arms, and a comforting, abiding testimony ever in the heart of Grandpa Curtis.

The children may yet be alive, but surely there are still people living there who will testify that he was led to the little ones, though they may not know the circumstances.

All who know him will declare that his word is absolutely reliable, so that when he recounted his past, we could have no doubt in regard to it.

Thatcher, Arizona

Fundamentals of Prosperity

What They Are And Whence They Came

By Roger W. Babson, President Babson Statistical Organization

Foreword

Some two thousand years ago the greatest teacher who ever walked the earth advised the people of Judea not to build their houses on the sand. What he had in mind was that they were looking too much to the structure above ground, and too little to the spiritual forces which must be the foundation of any structure which is to stand. Following the war we enjoyed the greatest prosperity this country has ever witnessed;—the greatest activity, the greatest bank clearings, the greatest foreign trade, the greatest railroad gross earnings, the highest commodity prices.

We then constructed a ten-story building on a foundation meant for only a two or three story building. Hence the problem confronting us business men is to strengthen the foundation or else see the structure fall. I am especially glad of the opportunity to write for business men. There are two reasons:—first, because I feel that the business men are largely responsible for having this ten-story structure on a foundation made for one of only two or three stories; secondly, because I believe such men alone have the vision, the imagination and the ability to strengthen the foundation and prevent the structure from falling.

The fact is, we have become crazy over material things. We are looking only at the structure above ground. We are trying to get more smoke from the chimney. We are looking at space instead of service, at profits instead of volume. With our eyes focused on the structure above ground, we have lost sight of those human resources, thrift, imagination, integrity, vision and faith which make the structure possible. I feel that only by the business men can this foundation be strengthened before the inevitable fall comes.

When steel rails were selling at \$55 a ton, compared with only \$25 a ton a few years previous, our steel plants increased their capacity twenty-five per cent. Increased demand, you

*Copyright by Fleming H. Revell Company. Reprinted by Permission from *Fundamentals of Prosperity*, by Roger W. Babson.

say? No, the figures don't show it. Only thirty-one million tons were produced in 1919, compared with thirty-nine million tons in 1916. People have forgotten the gospel of service. The producing power per man has fallen off from fifteen to twenty per cent. We have all been keen on developing consumption. We have devoted nine-tenths of our thought, energy and effort to developing consumption. This message is to beg of every reader to give more thought to developing production, to the reviving of a desire to produce and the realization of joy in production.

We are spending millions and millions in every city to develop the good-will of customers, to develop in customers a desire to buy. This is all well and good, but we can't continue to go in one direction indefinitely. We cannot always get steam out of the boiler without feeding the furnace. The time has come when in our own interests, in the interests of our communities, our industry, and of the nation itself, for a while we must stop adding more stories to this structure. Instead, we must strengthen the foundations upon which the entire structure rests.

R. W. B.

I

Honesty or Steel Doors?

While fifty-one per cent of the people have their eyes on the goal of integrity, our investments are secure; but with fifty-one per cent of them headed in the wrong direction, our investments are valueless. The first fundamental of prosperity is Integrity.

While on a recent visit to Chicago, I was taken by the president of one of the largest banks to see his new safety deposit vaults. He described these—as bank presidents will—as the largest and most marvelous vaults in the city. He expatiated on the heavy steel doors and the various electrical and mechanical contrivances which protect the stocks and bonds deposited in the institution.

While at the bank a person came in to rent a box. He made the arrangements for the box, and a box was handed to him. In it he deposited some stocks and bonds which he took from his pocket. Then the clerk who had charge of the vaults went to a rack on the wall and took out a key and gave it to the man who had rented the box. The man then put the box into one of the little steel compartments, shut the door and turned the key. He then went away feeling perfectly secure on account of those steel doors and various mechanical and electrical contrivances existing to protect his wealth.

I did not wish to give him a sleepless night so I said

nothing; but I couldn't help thinking how easy it would have been for that poorly-paid, humpbacked clerk to make a duplicate of that key before he delivered it to the renter of that box. With such a duplicate, the clerk could have made that man penniless within a few minutes after he had left the building. The great steel door and the electrical and mechanical contrivances would have been absolutely valueless.

Of course the point I am making is that the real security which that great bank in Chicago had to offer its clientele lay not in the massive stone columns in front of its structure; nor in the heavy steel doors; nor the electrical and mechanical contrivances. The real strength of that institution rested in the honesty—the absolute integrity—of its clerks.

* * *

That afternoon I was talking about the matter with a business man. We were discussing securities, earnings and capitalization. He seemed greatly troubled by the mass of figures before him. I said to him: "Instead of pawing over these earnings and striving to select yourself the safest bond, you will do better to go to a reliable banker or bond-house and leave the decision with him."

"Why," he said, "I couldn't do that."

"Mr. Jones," I went on, "tell me the truth! After you buy a bond or a stock certificate, do you ever take the trouble to see if it is signed and countersigned properly? Moreover, if you find it signed, is there any way by which you may know whether the signature is genuine or forged?"

"No," he said, "there isn't. I am absolutely dependent on the integrity of the bankers from whom I buy the securities."

And when you think of it, there is really no value at all in the pieces of paper which one so carefully locks up in these safety deposit boxes. There is no value at all in the bank-book which we so carefully cherish. There is no value at all in those deeds and mortgages upon which we depend so completely. The value rests *first*, in the integrity of the lawyers, clerks and stenographers who draw up the papers; *secondly*, in the integrity of the officers who sign the documents; *thirdly*, in the integrity of the courts and judges which would enable us to enforce our claims; and *finally*, in the integrity of the community which would determine whether or not the orders of the court will be executed.

These things which we look upon as of great value:—the stocks, bonds, bank-notes, deeds, mortgages, insurance policies, etc., are merely nothing. While fifty-one per cent of the people have their eyes on the goal of Integrity, our investments are secure; but with fifty-one per cent of them headed

in the wrong direction, our investments are valueless. So the first fundamental of prosperity is integrity. Without it there is no civilization there is no peace, there is no security, there is no safety. Mind you also that this applies just as much to the man who is working for wages as to the capitalist and every owner of property.

Integrity, however, is very much broader than the above illustration would indicate. Integrity applies to many more things than to money. Integrity requires the seeking after, as well as the dispensing of, truth. It was this desire for truth which founded our educational institutions, our sciences and our arts. All the great professions, from medicine to engineering, rest upon this spirit of integrity. Only as they so rest, can they prosper or even survive.

Integrity is the mother of knowledge. The desire for truth is the basis of all learning, the value of all experience and the reason for all study and investigation. Without integrity as a basis, our entire educational system would fall to the ground; all newspapers and magazines would become sources of great danger and the publication of books would have to be suppressed. Our whole civilization rests upon the assumption that people are honest. With this confidence shaken, the structure falls. And it should fall, for, unless the truth be taught, the nation would be much better off without its schools, newspapers, books and professions. Better have no gun at all, than one aimed at yourself. The corner-stone of prosperity is the stone of Integrity.

II

Faith the Searchlight of Business

This religion which we talk about for an hour a week, on Sunday, is not only the vital force which protects our community, but it is the vital force which makes our communities. The power of our spiritual forces has not yet been tapped.

About three years ago I was traveling in South America. When going from Sao Paulo up across the tablelands to Rio Janeiro, I passed through a little poverty-stricken Indian village. It was some 3,000 feet above sea level; but it was located at the foot of a great water-power. This water-power, I was told, could easily develop from 10,000 to 15,000 horse-power for twelve months of the year. At the base of this waterfall lived these poverty-stricken Indians, plowing their ground with broken sticks, bringing their corn two hundred miles on their backs from the seacoast, and grinding it by hand between two stones. Yet,—with a little faith and vision, they could have

developed that water-power, even though in a most primitive manner, and with irrigation, could have made that poverty-stricken valley a veritable Garden of Eden. They simply lacked *faith*. They lacked vision. They were unwilling, or unable, to look ahead to do something for the next generation and trust to the Lord for the results.

I met the head man of the village and said to him: "Why is it that you don't do something to develop this power?"

"Why, if we started to develop this thing," he answered, "by the time we got it done, we would be dead."

Indians had lived there for the last two hundred years lacking the vision. No one in that community had the foresight or vision to think or see beyond the end of his day. It was lack of faith which stood between them and prosperity. Hence, the second great fundamental of prosperity is that intangible "something"—known as faith, vision, hope, whatever you may call it.

The writer of the Book of Proverbs says: "Where there is no vision, the people perish." Statistics teach that where there is no vision, civilization never gets started! The tangible things which we prize so highly,—buildings, railroads, steamships, factories, power plants, telephones, aeroplanes, etc., are but the result of faith and vision. These things are only symptoms of conditions, mere barometers which register the faith and vision of mankind.

This religion which we talk about for an hour a week, on Sunday, is not only the vital force which protects our community, but it is the vital force which *makes* our communities. *The power of our spiritual forces has not yet been tapped!* Our grandchildren will look back upon us and wonder why we neglected our trust and our opportunity, just as we look back on those poor Indians in Brazil who plowed with crooked sticks, grinding their corn between stones and hauling it on their backs two hundred miles from the seaboard.

* * *

These statements are not the result of any special interest as a churchman. I am not a preacher. I am simply a business man, and my work is almost wholly for bankers, brokers, manufacturers, merchants and investors. The concern with which I am associated has one hundred and eighty people in a suburb of Boston, who are collecting, compiling and distributing statistics on business conditions. We have only one source of income, and that is from the clients who pay us for an analysis of the situation. Therefore you may rest assured that it is im-

possible for us to do any propaganda work in the interests of any one nation, sect, religion or church. The only thing we can give clients is a conclusion based on a diagnosis of a given situation. As probably few of you readers are clients of ours, may I quote from a Bulletin which we recently sent to these bankers and manufacturers?

"The need of the hour is not more legislation. The need of the hour is more religion. More religion is needed everywhere, from the halls of Congress at Washington, to the factories, the mines, the fields and the forests. It is one thing to talk about plans or policies, but a plan or policy without a religious motive is like a watch without a spring or a body without the breath of life. The trouble, today, is that we are trying to hatch chickens from sterile eggs. We may have the finest incubator in the world and operate it according to the most improved regulations—moreover, the eggs may appear perfect specimens—but unless they have the germ of life in them all our efforts are of no avail."

I have referred to the fact that the security of our investments is absolutely dependent upon the faith, the righteousness and the religion of other people. I have stated that the real strength of our investments is due, not to the distinguished bankers of America, but rather to the poor preachers. I now go farther than that and say that the development of the country as a whole is due to this *something*, this indescribable *something*, this combination of faith, thrift, industry, initiative, integrity and vision, which these preachers have developed in their communities.

Faith and vision do not come from the wealth of a nation. It's the faith and vision which produce the wealth. The wealth of a country does not depend on its raw materials. Raw materials are to a certain extent essential and to a great extent valuable; but the nations which today are richest in raw materials are the poorest in wealth. Even when considering one country—the United States—the principle holds true. The coal and iron and copper have been here in this country for thousands of years, but only within the last fifty years have they been used. Water-powers exist even today absolutely unharnessed. Look the whole world over and there has been no increase in raw materials. There existed one thousand years ago more raw materials than we have today, but we then lacked men with a vision and the faith to take that coal out of the ground, to harness the water-powers, to build the railroads and to do other things worth while. So I say, the second great fundamental of prosperity is Faith.

III

Industry vs. Opportunity

Industry is the mother of invention. Struggle, sacrifice and burning midnight oil have produced the cotton gin, the sewing machine, the printing press, the steam engine, the electric motor, the telephone, the incandescent lamp and the other great inventions of civilization. Some religious enthusiasts think only of the "lilies of the fields" and forget the parable of the talents.

A few years ago I was employed by one of the largest publishing houses in the country to make a study of 'America's captains of industry. The real purpose of the study was to discover some industry or some man that could be helped greatly through national advertising. In connection with that study of those captains of industry, I tabulated their ancestry. These were the seventy greatest manufacturers, merchants and railroad builders, the leading men who have made America by developing the fields, the forests, the mines and the industries. What did I find? I found that only five per cent of these captains of industry are the sons of bankers; only ten per cent of them are the sons of manufacturers; fifteen per cent of them are the sons of merchants, while over thirty per cent of them are the sons of poor preachers and farmers.

Why is it that ministers' sons hold a much more important place in the industrial development of America than the sons of bankers? The ministers' sons inherit no wealth, they have no more than their share of college education; they are not especially religious as the world measures religion. In fact, there is an old saying about "ministers' sons and deacons' daughters." I would be false to my reputation as a statistician to hold up these captains of industry as saintly examples for young men to follow. But the fact remains nevertheless that these men are creating America today. Now, what's the reason?

The reason is that these men have a combination of the two traits already mentioned and a third added thereto;—namely, the habit of work. They have inherited a certain rugged integrity from their mothers and a gift of vision from their fathers which, when combined with the habit of work—forced upon them by their family's meager income—means *power*. Integrity is a dry seed until put in the ground of faith and allowed to grow. But faith with works is prosperity.

A man may be honest and wonder why he does not get ahead; a man may have vision and still remain only a dreamer; but when integrity and vision are combined with hard work, the man prospers. It is the same with classes and nations.

It has been said that genius is the author of invention. Statistics do not support this statement. The facts show that

industry is the mother of invention. Struggle, sacrifice and burning midnight oil have produced the cotton gin, the sewing machine, the printing press, the steam engine, the electric motor, the telephone, the incandescent lamp and the other great inventions of civilization.

Why is it that most of the able men in our great industries came from the country districts? The reason is that the country boy is trained to work. Statistics indicate that very seldom does a child, brought up in a city apartment house, amount to much; while the children of well-to-do city people are seriously handicapped. The great educator of the previous generation was not the public school, but rather the *wood box*. Those of us parents who have not a wood box for our children to keep filled, or chores for them to do, are unfortunate.

Run through the list of the greatest captains of industry, as they come to your mind. How many of the men who are really directing the country's business gained their position through inherited wealth? You will find them astonishingly few. There is no "divine right of kings" in business. In fact, statistics show us that the very things which most people think of as advantages, namely, wealth and "not having to work" are really obstacles which are rarely surmounted.

Industry and thrift are closely allied. Economic studies show clearly that ninety-five per cent of the employers are employers because they systematically saved money. Any man who systematically saves money from early youth automatically becomes an employer. He may employ thousands or he may have only two or three clerks in a country store, but he nevertheless is an employer. These same studies show that ninety-five per cent of the wage workers are wage workers because they have systematically spent their money as fast as they have earned it. They of necessity remain wage workers. These are facts which no labor leader can disprove and which are exceedingly significant. This is especially striking when one considers that the employer often started out at the same wages and in the same community as his wage workers. The employer was naturally industrious and thrifty; while those who remained wage workers were not.

The development of this nation through the construction of the transcontinental railways, the financing of the western farms, and the building of our cities is largely due to the old New England doctrine that laziness and extravagance are sins. In some western communities it is popular to laugh at these New England traits; but had it not been for them, these western communities would never have existed. The industry and thrift

developed by the old New England religion were the basis of our national growth.

I especially desire to emphasize this point because of the position of certain religious enthusiasts who think only of "the lilies of the field," and forget the parable of the talents. It is a fact that the third fundamental of prosperity is Industry.

(To be continued)

Prayer

"We stand for divine guidance through individual and family prayer."—
M. I. A. Slogan, 1923-4.

The Call of Our Father

Remember me, remember me;
Thou art my *child*, remember me.
I made this beauteous world for thee;
I sent my Son who died for thee.

Remember me, remember me;
At dawn of day, remember me;
At Plenty's board remember me;
At eventide remember me.

Remember me, remember me;
In all thy joys remember me,
And in thy grief remember me,
In *Jesus'* name remember me.

The Answer

I'll think of Thee, I'll think of Thee,
My Father, Friend, I'll think of Thee,
All I enjoy I owe to Thee
And Brother Christ who died for me.

When dawn of day awakens me,
I'll think of Thee, I'll think of Thee;
At Plenty's board I'll think of Thee;
At eventide I'll think of Thee.

In all my joys I'll think of Thee,
And in my grief remember Thee;
With *childhood* faith I'll call to Thee;
In *Jesus'* name I'll pray to Thee.

Provo, Utah

Geo. H. Brimhall

This is All I Pray

Help me, my God, to pierce the space
That hides from me Thy loving face.
Long, lone and dark the hours of night
Through which I yearn for guiding light.

Though erring heart is this of mine,
Still does it love Thee, Lord divine;
Still does it beg of Thee to give
It strength of Thine by which to live
Above, above the fretful cares
Of Life, and Satan's cunning snares.

I'll not hold forth in lengthy prayers,
Though oft, oh, God, my heart despaire;
But simply will I say to Thee:
Help me o'ercome iniquity;
Grant me Thy light upon life's way,
Dear Father mine, is all, I pray.

Belleisle, N. B.

Alan C. Riedpath

Will I Know?

Will I know when life is finished
And I've reached the farther shore?
Will I know some friends will greet me
Whom I loved in days of yore?
Will I know I've lived so nobly
I'll see flowers of choicest worth,
That had blossomed bright and dainty
From the seeds I sowed on earth?

Will I know the books I've longed for
Will be given me to read?
Will the man who keeps the record
Write down every careless deed?
Will I know a lonely orphan
Has been gladdened by my smile?
Will I know I've helped a neighbor
All his sorrows to beguile?

Will I know that little children,
With their loving songs that day,
Will be there to meet and lead me
If I cannot find the way?
Will I know that I've been pardoned
For my reckless life below;
Oh, Father, Father, tell me,
Will I sometime really know?

Snowflake, Arizona.

Della Fish Smith.

Early Missionary Labors of President Brigham Young

1832-1838—Age 31 to 37

By Preston Nibley

Brigham Young first visited the Prophet Joseph Smith at Kirtland, Ohio, in September, 1832. He had been baptized in the preceding month of April, at Mendon, New York, but had been unable to gather with the Saints in Ohio, probably on account of the illness of his wife, who died September 8, the same year. After his visit with the Prophet, where he "received the sure testimony, by the spirit of prophecy, that he was all that any man could believe him to be, as a true prophet," Brigham returned to his home in Mendon and began preparations for his first missionary journey. His own account of the same follows:

"In company with my brother Joseph I started for Kingston, upper Canada, on foot, in the month of December, the most of the way through snow and mud from one to two feet deep. In crossing from Gravelly Point to Kingston on the ice which had frozen the night previous, the ice was thin and bent under our feet, so that in places the water was half a shoe deep, and we had to separate from each other, the ice not being capable of holding us. We traveled about six miles on the ice, arrived in Kingston and found a friend who was going that evening near the place where we were first to call. We commenced preaching and bearing our testimony to the people. Proceeding to West Loboro, we remained about one month, preaching the gospel there and in the regions round about. We baptized 45 souls and organized the East Loboro and other branches. In the month of February 1833, we started for home, crossing from Kingston on the ice just before it broke up."—*Ms.*, 25, p. 439.

Twenty seven years later, in a sermon delivered in Salt Lake City, Brigham again referred to this early missionary journey. The hardships of it had evidently made a lasting impression on his mind.

"The second time I went to Canada, which was after I was baptized, myself and brother Joseph traveled two hundred and fifty miles in snow a foot and a half deep, with a foot of mud under it. We traveled, preached and baptized 45 people in the dead of winter. When we left there the Saints gave us five York shillings with which to bear our expenses two hundred and fifty miles on foot, and one sister gave me a pair of woolen mittens two-thirds worn out. I worked with my own hands and supported myself."—*J. D.*, 6-229.

"I worked with my own hands and supported myself." That has a ring of the true Brigham Young in it. Although he was

poor and was giving his time unselfishly to a great and glorious cause, yet he was not going to be an object of charity to anyone. This was a hard and fast principle of his life which he splendidly enunciated years later.

"My experience has taught me, and it has become a principle with me, that it is never any benefit to give, out and out, to man or woman, money, food, clothing or anything else, if they are able-bodied and can work and earn what they need, when there is anything on the earth for them to do."—*J. D.*, 11-297.

For the better part of twelve years following Brigham devoted himself to missionary labors, and by dint of hard work and wise and frugal spending he was able to support himself and family. No collection was ever needed to take care of him as long as he had strength in his body to do a day's work. Regarding Brigham's missionary labors and the compensation he received therefor from the Church, he once had the following to say:

"I came into this Church in the spring of 1832. Previous to my being baptized, I took a mission to Canada at my own expense; and from the time that I was baptized until the day of our sorrow and affliction, at the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, no summer passed over my head but what I was traveling and preaching, and the only thing I ever received from the Church, during over twelve years, and the only means that were ever given me by the Prophet, that I now recollect, was in 1842 when Brother Joseph sent me the half of a small pig that the brethren had brought to him."—*J. D.*, 4-34.

In my study of Brigham Young I have often wondered how this carpenter-farmer boy, with practically no book learning or school education, could suddenly turn preacher, stand up before the people and plead his cause. It was like Peter being called from his fishing nets to expound the doctrines of the meek and lowly Master. Brigham must, at first, have had a severe time of it. He says:

"When I began to speak in public I was about as destitute of language as a man could well be. * * * How I have had the headache when I have had ideas to lay before the people, and not words to express them; but I was so gritty that I always tried my best."—*J. D.*, 5-97.

There again you have the true Brigham Young, strong, virile, "gritty," always determined to do his best. "Grit" is an old-fashioned word, now much out of use, but it was once full of meaning, and signified "unyielding courage," which perhaps was the dominant attribute of Brigham's life. Any man who will walk two hundred fifty miles in the dead of winter, through snow and mud, to plead an unpopular cause like "Mormonism" then was, is "gritty" to say the least, and his career can well afford to be watched with interest.

In the Spring of 1833 Brigham went again on a missionary

journey to Canada, visiting Lyonstown, Theresa and Indian River Falls, baptizing twenty people and organizing several branches of the Church. In July he gathered together some of his converts and went with them to Kirtland, assisting in locating them there. He relates that he remained in Kirtland a few weeks "enjoying the society of the Prophet," before returning to his home in Mendon.

Brigham's active participation in the affairs of the Church should perhaps be dated from September, 1833.

"In the month of September, in conformity to the counsel of the Prophet, I made preparations to gather up to Kirtland, and engaged passage for myself and two children with Brother Kimball, and sent my effects by canal and lake to Fairport. We arrived in Kirtland in safety, traveling by land, where I tarried all winter and had the privilege of listening to the teachings of the Prophet, and enjoying the society of the Saints, working hard at my former trade."—*Ms.*, 25-440.

If I were asked to point out the principal cause, to which, more than all others, Brigham Young's rise in the Church can be attributed, I should say without hesitation that it was his absolute and unqualified loyalty; loyalty to the Prophet Joseph; loyalty to every principle and doctrine he taught; loyalty to his brethren around him. He had not cast his lot with the Latter-day Saints to disprove their doctrines or thwart their purposes. He had accepted the newly revealed Gospel completely and whole-heartedly as the one thing needful and essential for his temporal and eternal salvation. Consequently there was but one purpose in all his efforts; "to build up the Church and kingdom." Witness this:

"In the Fall of 1833, many of the brethren had gathered to Kirtland, and not finding suitable employment, and having some difficulty in getting their pay after they had labored, several went off to Willoughby, Painesville and Cleveland. I told them I had gathered to Kirtland because I was so directed by the Prophet of God, and I was not going away to Willoughby, Painesville, Cleveland, nor anywhere else to build up the gentiles, but I was going to stay here and seek the things that pertained to the Kingdom of God, by listening to the teachings of His servants, and I should work for my brethren, and trust in God and them that I would be paid. I labored for Brother Cahoon and finished his house, and although he did not know he could pay me when I commenced, before I finished he had paid me in full. I then went to work for Father John Smith and others, who paid me, and I sustained myself in Kirtland, and when the brethren who had gone out to work for the gentiles returned I had means, though some of them were scant."—*Ms.*, 25-45.

In February, 1834, at Kirtland, Brigham married Mary Ann Angel, who proved truly to be an angel in his household. During the following ten years, in the wanderings of the Saints, many trying and bitter experiences came to Brigham and his family, but his heroic wife endured all in the knowledge that they were laboring in a great and glorious cause. Also, during

the greater part of this time Brigham was absent on missions, preaching the gospel in this and in foreign lands, and the responsibility of rearing a family alone was upon her. Too much cannot be said in praise of such characters as Mary Ann Angel.

During the year 1834 Brigham was almost constantly at the side of the Prophet Joseph, loyally sustaining him in all his plans and labors. It was in this year that Zion's Camp was organized and the memorable march of 205 men was made from Kirtland to Missouri to aid the suffering and persecuted Saints there. In calling Brigham and his brother the Prophet said, "Brother Brigham and Brother Joseph, if you will go with me in the Camp to Missouri and keep my counsel, I promise you in the name of the Almighty, that I will lead you there and back again and not a hair of your heads shall be harmed." This promise was fulfilled, and Brigham made the trying and difficult march of two thousand miles to Missouri and return without any resultant harm, though several of his brethren died on the journey and at times the whole camp was in danger of annihilation by the Missouri mob.

In the Fall and Winter of 1834 Brigham relates that he "tarried in Kirtland, quarrying rock, working on the Temple, and finishing off the printing office and school room."

On the 8th of February, 1835, the Prophet Joseph called Brigham to his residence in Kirtland and said, "I wish you to notify all the brethren living in the branches, within a reasonable distance from this place, to meet at a general conference on Saturday next. I shall then and there appoint twelve Special Witnesses, to open the door of the Gospel to foreign nations, and you will be one of them." *History of the Church*, Vol. 2, page 181. Thus Brigham came into prominence for the first time as one of the Church leaders. Heretofore his office and calling had been that of a humble elder, but he had so striven to magnify this position that he was now to take his place in the leading council of the Church, next to the Presidency. His ability and devotion had been recognized. In defining the functions of the newly organized quorum the Prophet said:

"They are the Twelve apostles, who are called to the office of the Traveling High Council who are to preside over the churches of the Saints, among the Gentiles, where there is a presidency established; and they are to travel and preach among the Gentiles, until the Lord shall command them to go to the Jews. They are to hold the keys of this ministry, to unlock the door of the Kingdom of heaven unto all nations, and to preach the gospel to every creature. This is the power, authority and virtue of their apostleship."

From this time henceforth, until the death of the Prophet in 1844, the greater part of Brigham's time was spent in the ministry. He was an indefatigable worker, traveling and paying

his own way, spreading the great truths of the Gospel which had been revealed through the Prophet.

About two months after his ordination to the Apostleship Brigham, with his brethren of the Twelve, undertook a mission to the Eastern States. Conferences were held at Westfield and Freedom in Western New York. On the 5th of June at Lyona-town, Brigham left the party and returned to Kirtland as witness in a trial of the Prophet Joseph before the county court. In his history Brigham relates that as soon as he was "liberated" he again started East and "joined the Twelve in holding conferences, preaching and baptizing, regulating and organizing the churches throughout the Eastern country." On September 25th he, with the others returned to Kirtland.

Recorded in Brigham's history is the following:

"I remained at home during the Fall and Winter, occasionally going out and preaching to the neighboring branches. In the course of the Winter there was a Hebrew school started, which I attended until February 22, 1836, when I was called upon by the Prophet to superintend the painting and finishing of the Temple, upon which I labored until March 27th, when the Temple was so far finished as to be dedicated to the Lord by the Prophet, with the assembled Quorums of the Church, and so many members as could possibly be accommodated. On this occasion the power of God was displayed as recorded in the history of Joseph Smith.

"I attended the solemn assembly and, with my brethren of the Twelve, received my washings and anointings and was privileged to listen to the teachings and administrations of the Prophet of God."—*Ms.*, 25, page 471.

Observe here how the young man's whole heart and soul was in his work. At that time he was only in his 35th year, but he was already one of the stalwarts of the young and growing Church, and able to contribute splendidly to its advancement.

Brigham's "license" as an elder, which is also a certificate of character, was given him about this time by the Prophet Joseph, and is well worth recording.

"To Whom it May Concern"

"This certifies that Brigham Young has been received into the Church of Latter-day Saints, organized on the sixth of April, one thousand eight hundred and thirty, and has been ordained an elder according to the rules and regulations of said Church, and is duly authorized to preach the gospel, agreeably to the authority of that office.

"From satisfactory evidence which we have of his good moral character, and his zeal for the cause of righteousness, and diligent desire to persuade men to forsake evil and embrace truth, we confidently recommend him to all candid and upright people as a worthy member of society.

"We, therefore, in the name and by the authority of this Church, grant unto this our worthy brother in the Lord, this letter of commendation as a proof of our fellowship and esteem; praying for his success and prosperity in our Redeemer's cause.

"Given by the direction of a conference of the elders of said Church,

assembled in Kirtland, Geauga county, Ohio, the third day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six.

Joseph Smith, Junior,
Chairman.

F. G. Williams, Clerk.
Kirtland, Ohio, March 30th, 1836.

During the entire summer of 1836 Brigham was again engaged in missionary labors in the Eastern States. He traveled and preached in New York, Vermont, Massachusetts, Maine, Rhode Island and Connecticut; everywhere laboring diligently and winning converts to his religion. In September he returned to Kirtland, where, he says, "I remained through the Fall and Winter, laboring with my hands to sustain my family, and preaching to the Saints."

The next year, 1837, proved to be a bitter time for the Church in Kirtland. Brigham relates that "the spirit of speculation, disaffection and apostasy imbibed by many of the Twelve, and which ran through all the Quorums of the Church, prevailed so extensively that it was difficult for any to see clearly the path to pursue." *Ms. 25, 487.* But it does not seem to have been difficult for Brigham to ascertain what course he was to pursue. He had abandoned everything for his chosen religion and the leadership of his beloved Prophet, and now of all times was the opportunity for him to show his loyalty and sincerity. That he did not fail is attested by the following:

"On a certain occasion several of the Twelve, the witnesses of the Book of Mormon, and others of the authorities of the Church, held a council in the upper room of the Temple. The question before them was to ascertain how the Prophet Joseph could be deposed, and David Whitmer appointed President of the Church. Father John Smith, Brother Heber C. Kimball and others were present who were opposed to such measures. I rose up, and in a plain and forcible manner told them that Joseph was a Prophet, and I knew it, and that they might rail and slander him as much as they pleased, they could not destroy the appointment of the Prophet of God, they could only destroy their own authority, cut the thread that bound them to the Prophet of God, and sink themselves to hell."—*Ms., 25—487.*

The worth of such a man as Brigham to the young Prophet Joseph and to the Church at this critical and uncertain time can hardly be estimated. A few stalwarts like himself stood firm, brooking all opposition. "This was a crisis," Brigham relates, "when earth and hell seemed leagued to overthrow the Prophet and Church of God. The knees of many of the strongest men in the Church faltered." Regarding his own position there was no uncertainty.

"During this siege of darkness I stood close to Joseph, and, with all the wisdom and power of God bestowed upon me, put forth my utmost

energies to sustain the servant of God and unite the quorums of the Church."—*Ms.*, 25—487.

Brigham was not alone able to render moral aid to the Cause. He was also able to render aid with his strong right arm if necessary. It was not safe to antagonize such a man too far. He could fight if he were forced to, to vindicate the truth which had been impressed upon his soul. I cannot refrain from relating an interesting circumstance recorded in Brigham's history which occurs at this time. He says:

"A man named Hawley, while plowing his field in the State of New York, had an impression rest down on his mind with great weight, that he must go to Kirtland and tell Joseph Smith that the Lord had rejected him as a Prophet. * * * He went through the streets of Kirtland one morning after midnight and cried, "Woe! Woe! unto the inhabitants of this place." I put my pants and shoes on, took my cow-hide, went out, and laying hold of him, jerked him round, and assured him that if he did not stop his noise and let the people enjoy sleep without interruption, I would cow-hide him on the spot, for we had the Lord's Prophet right here and we did not want the Devil's prophet yelling round the streets."—*Ms.*, 25—487.

Later in life Brigham was affectionately called by his people "The Lion of the Lord." Such incidents as the one above related demonstrate how he earned this title. He was absolutely fearless when it came to defending what he knew was true and right.

During the Spring and Summer of 1837 Brigham filled two short missions to the Eastern States. Leaving Kirtland on March 13, he traveled through Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts. In the latter part of May he returned home "by stage, the ice being still on the lake." Late in July he left again for the East "accompanying the Prophet Joseph, his brother Hyrum, David W. Patten and Thomas B. Marsh, who were on their way to Canada. At Buffalo, Brigham parted with his friends and went on to Albany and New York City. In the latter place he held meetings and preached wherever opportunity afforded. On August 19th he was again at Kirtland.

The spirit of apostasy and evil speaking against the Prophet was at its height in Kirtland during the latter part of 1837 and Brigham's entire time was spent in trying to hold the Church together. It was indeed a dark and trying time for the faithful. Brigham's life was repeatedly threatened by his enemies. Finally, he relates:

"On the morning of December 22nd, I left Kirtland in consequence of the fury of the mob and the spirit that prevailed in the apostates, who had threatened to destroy me because I would proclaim, publicly and privately, that I knew, by the power of the Holy Ghost, that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of the Most High God, and had not transgressed and fallen as the apostates declared."—*Ms.*, 25—518.

A Study of Book of Mormon Texts

I. Notes on Significant Words and Phrases

By J. M. Sjodahl

Superficial critics of the Book of Mormon have assumed that the proper names in that remarkable volume are either from the Bible or selected at random from various modern sources. The Bible names, they tell us, include words from the New Testament in their anglicized forms, which the alleged authors of the Book of Mormon could not have known. Going outside the Bible names, "Moroni," they assert, is Spanish; "Nephi" is Greek; "Antipas" is a contraction of "Antipater; "Moroni" is Italian, and "Sam" is, of course, a Yankee nickname for "Samuel," and so on.

Nothing could be further from the truth than this assumption. A closer study of the names in the Book of Mormon reveals the stupendous and, to some startling truth that many of those names are still found in various Indian vocabularies, with the same fundamental meaning that they have in the records of Mormon and his predecessors. Joseph Smith could not have invented them; for he was not a scholar at the time he translated the plates. Chance could not have produced them, for they are found in great numbers and not only in an isolated instance or two. They are therefore among the strongest external evidence for the authenticity of the Book of Mormon that can be produced.

Some of the etymological suggestions in the following paragraphs are offered tentatively, in full realization of the almost insurmountable difficulties by which the subject is surrounded. The facts are, I believe, as stated; whether I have erred in any of the inferences drawn or conclusion arrived at, I must leave to the judgment of the intelligent reader.

"I make a record in the language of my father." (1 Nephi 1:2.)

In the language of my father. Was there any reason why Nephi did not say, "I make a record in the Hebrew language?" His father's language was the Hebrew—"the learning of the Jews;" why did he not use the shorter term?

There was a sufficient reason. At the time Lehi left Jerusalem, the term "Hebrew" was not yet employed to denote the language spoken by his people. Abraham was called "the Hebrew" by his cotemporaries (Gen. 14:13), which was equivalent to our word "foreigner," and in the days of Lehi (See

Jeremiah 34:9) the term was applied to the Jews generally, but not to their language. Isaiah (36:13) calls it, "The Jews' language," and "The language of Canaan" (19:18). The term "Hebrew" was first applied to the language of the Jews by the Son of Sirach, about 130 B. C., but he did not mean the Hebrew of the Old Testament, spoken at the time of Lehi, but the Aramaean, just as we in our day frequently call the jargon of the modern Jews, "Hebrew," though "Yiddish" is the common name for it. Josephus, the Jewish historian, is supposed to have been the first who applied the name "Hebrew" to the language of Lehi. It is, therefore, obvious that if Nephi had used this word in its modern sense, which is not older than the days of Josephus, the text would have presented a serious difficulty. As it stands, it is a strong testimony for the genuineness of the Book of Mormon, as well as for its authenticity.

Mormon, four hundred years after Josephus, seems to have been the first in this part of the world to whom it occurred to call the language of Lehi "Hebrew" (Mor. 9:33), as it had occurred to Josephus in the Old World, probably in honor of "Abraham the Hebrew."

Seer. In Nephi 3:6, the author quotes a prophecy concerning our day and age, said to have been uttered by Joseph in Egypt, about 1500 B. C., thus: "A seer shall the Lord my God raise up who shall be a choice seer," etc.

Why is the word "seer" found here, instead of the more familiar title "prophet," which a modern writer almost certainly would have used?

If we recall historic fact, stated in 1 Sam. 9:9, that, "He that is now [at the time of Samuel, about 1100 B. C.] called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer," we realize that the word credited to Joseph is the very one he would have used in his remarkable evidence of the genuineness of that prophecy.

The title, "prophet" was known before Samuel, but it assumed new importance and dignity at that time. He to whom that office was given then stood as the representative of Jehovah in all things pertaining to the moral and sacred duties of the people. In this respect, even kings were subject to his judgment. The office of seer was about that time united with the prophetic office, wherefore the Prophet Gad is called "David's seer" (2 Sam. 24:11). The latter title was gradually lost sight of, and "prophet" became the general designation by which the spiritual representative of the Lord on earth was known.

By revelation, April 6, 1830, Joseph Smith was called "a seer, a translator, a prophet, an apostle of Jesus Christ, an elder of the Church." All the gifts and powers and authority pertaining to these various callings were united in the prophetic office of the Church. As the title of "seer" predominated in the

vision concerning him by Joseph in Egypt, so that title came first among five enumerated in this revelation. But like the title "prophet" from the time of Samuel, it included them all.

"And it came to pass that there was a voice heard among all the inhabitants of the earth, upon all the face of this land." (3 Nephi 9:1).

The Earth. In reading this passage, and others, it is necessary to remember that the writer was a descendant of a Hebrew familiar with the language of the Old Testament, and that he used Bible terms.

The Jews in olden days called their country "the world," "the earth or the land," as in Ps. 72:8 where the king's son (Solomon) is promised dominion "from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." This manner of speaking was still common in New Testament times. Luke (2:1) says a decree had been issued by the emperor "that all the world" should be taxed, and our Savior (Matt. 12:42), speaking of the queen of Sheba, says she came "from the uttermost parts of the earth" to hear Solomon. James (5:17), referring to the drought in Palestine during the reign of Ahab, says, that it rained not "on the earth" for three years and six months. It is clear from these quotations that the Hebrews frequently used the expression "the earth" in a very limited sense, just as we sometimes call a very small portion of the solid surface of the earth and sometimes a larger one, "land."

When Nephi says a voice was heard among "all the inhabitants of the earth," he does not mean "earth" in the widest sense of the word, but, as he himself explains, only "this land;" that is to say, the particular land that was affected by the awful visitation he describes. He enumerates cities that were destroyed, thereby indicating the limits of the area of darkness and destruction.

But the point is this, the recorder of these events, by employing the term "the earth" as he does, proves that his ideas and vocabulary were those of a descendant of a Hebrew, and thus the text is, incidentally, a testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon.

A Narrow Pass. In Mormon 2:29 and 3:5, as in Alma 22:32; 50:34, etc., we read of a "narrow pass," or "passage," connecting the "land northward" with the "land southward."

Columbus, on his fourth and last voyage, 1502, as he crept along the coast in the direction of Veragua, looking for an opening towards the elusive West, learned of the natives with whom he came in friendly contact that if he kept his present

course he would soon come to a "narrow place" between two seas. (Fiske, *The Discovery of America*, Vol. 1, p. 510.) He was not looking for an isthmus but for a strait, and he fondly hoped that the "narrow place" would turn out to be a channel into another ocean.

The interesting point, however, is this, that the Indians on the coasts of Honduras or Nicaragua, when visited by Columbus, had a designation for the Isthmus that is found in the Book of Mormon.

Is this merely a coincidence? I, for one, prefer to regard it as an evidence of the accuracy of the authors of the Book of Mormon.

Again, according to that volume, there was a Nephite land, and also a city, called *Bountiful*. Curiously enough, we have a country named *Costa Rica*—Rich Coast. There was also a land called *Joshua*, which is the Hebrew form for the name by which *San Salvador* is known, "Joshua" meaning "Jehovah is Salvation." There was also a land called *Desolation*. The Indians at the time of the conquest called large cemeteries by that very name.

Crossing the deep. In Ether 2:16-18, we are informed that the brother of Jared, obeying divine instructions, built a number of barges or small vessels in which he and those with him eventually crossed "the great sea which divideth the lands."

Some centuries later, when Lehi and his company camped by the sea shore at a place called Bountiful, Nephi was commanded by the Lord to construct a vessel in which to cross over to the other side of the ocean. This was done and the voyage was made.

These wonderful voyages reminds us of some that are on record in the general history of the world, and of others of which persistent tradition gives us an intimation.

In the year 1500 Pedro Alvarez de Cabral left Lisbon in command of thirteen vessels carrying 1,200 men. His destination was East India. But, after having passed the Cape Verde Islands, he took a more westerly course than he should have done, and, finally, was driven across the Atlantic and landed somewhere on the Brazilian coast.

Jean Cousin, of Dieppe, it is said, had a similar experience in 1488. While he was sailing down the coast of Africa, he was caught in a storm and blown across to Brazil.

In the year 1000 of our era, as is now well known, Lief Erickson, having heard of the existence of a strange coast south of Greenland, sailed from Brattahlid with a crew of 35 men and after a successful voyage arrived at a point on the

American coast which they called Markland, and some days later at another place which they named Vinland.

But long before the time of the explorations of the Ice-lander, Japanese junks are said to have been driven ashore on the coasts of Oregon and California, and in the fifth century, so tradition has it, Buddhist priests crossed over from China by way of the Aleutian Islands and went as far south as Mexico. (See Fiske, *The Discovery of America*, chap. 2, Vol. I.)

This tradition though generally discounted, seems to be confirmed by recent discoveries in the long-buried city of Tevihuacan, near the City of Mexico. There were found unmistakable Chinese characters of archaic form. The Chinese Charge d'Affairs in Mexico, M. F. K. Tong, identified some of them as the Chinese signs for "sun," "moon," "eye," "turn to the right," and "turn to the left." This proves that some one familiar with the Chinese ancient characters, in the dim past inhabited that locality. (See *Salt Lake Tribune*, April 18, 1920.)

The trans-ocean voyages recorded in the Book of Mormon present no greater difficulties than those mentioned by history and authentic traditions.

Jared and his brother were co-temporary with Noah, for that great patriarch lived after the flood 350 years (Gen. 9:28), and consequently more than a century after the Tower of Babel.

In all probability they had seen the ark. They had, undoubtedly, heard Noah describe his ship and voyage and the land from which he and his family came. It is more than probable that during the many years that intervened between the flood and the futile attempt at centralizing the human family around the Tower and preventing it from spreading over the surface of the earth, many an adventurous spirit had cast longing eyes toward that far-away land from which Noah came. We know that the Jaredites on their way to the ocean, built boats in which they crossed lakes and rivers so that when they finally came to the shore of the great deep, ship-building and navigation were not entirely unknown to them.

The family of Lehi, as inhabitants of Jerusalem, must have been familiar with Phoenician ships and sailors. The latter were great navigators in their day. It is stated by Herodotus that Phoenicians, about 600 years before our era, circumnavigated Africa, starting from the Red Sea and returning by way of the Mediterranean. Such a feat would have been the subject of common talk in the reports of the countries adjacent to the coast strip occupied by the Phoenicians and along all the trade routes frequented by their merchants. It is not improbable that

Lehi and his sons had heard all about this voyage, unless they had left Jerusalem before the home coming of the sailors.

Shining Stones. In Ether (6:3) we are told that the Lord, in answer to prayer (Ether 3:4) "caused stones to shine in darkness," to give light to those who were to cross the ocean in the vessels built for that purpose. The stones, it is said (Ether 3:1) were "white and clear, even as transparent glass."

In connection with this it is interesting to read a press dispatch from London, dated June 20th, 1920, in which it was stated that a scientist, Dr. T. Coke Squance, of Sunderland, had obtained some marvelous results by exposing precious stones to the action of x rays. During the process, the report said, the lustre of a sapphire was increased to such an extent that the stone had almost the brilliancy of a diamond. A diamond was made to glow with a beautiful green. To the question whether the acquired lustre would be permanent, Dr. Squance replied that he did not know, but that the sapphire on which he had experimented had kept its color for three years. "The most remarkable feature of the treatment," he added, "is the brilliancy which the stones acquire when shut up with the rays." He showed an enormous ruby which glowed and sparkled brilliantly.

It seems, then, that when the brother of Jared asked the Lord to make the stones he had obtained on Mount Shelam to "shine forth in darkness," he stood on strictly scientific ground. His request was reasonable, as is every prayer dictated by the Spirit of God.

(To be Continued)

The Winged Deluge

By Robert Sparks Walker

Jobless, penniless, homeless—three spectres which can produce a mental concoction as poisonous as a rattler's bite! It might have done so in the case which I am about to relate, but a little weakling insect, known as the ephemeral, or May, fly, destroyed that concoction by banishing the mental fatigue of Egbert Emmert, and proved thereby that the concoction hitherto regarded as venomous is volatile after all.

It was not a home, it was not a hovel, it was not a hut, that sheltered Egbert from the rude and oftentimes unmerciful elements. If he had had a cave or a hollow tree, his would have been a

happy lot. Poverty had approached him with teeth exposed, a dagger in one hand and a torch in the other. Egbert had backed from this fiery demon from a comfortable room until he found himself lodged in the corner of a three-story building with cobwebs swaying their millions of germs above, the noisy autos, heavy drays and street cars on two sides, the window panes so dusty that they might have served well as a smoked glass for viewing a partial or total eclipse of the sun. Two planks,—catafalque-life,—with ends resting on two empty kegs, and some straw on top, which Egbert had borrowed, defied poverty to advance further.

There is a carnivorous plant called sundew, which sends out a sticky substance that attracts flies and other insects. On being touched, this adhesive substance holds the insect tightly until dead, and then this plant munches their dead bodies by sucking up all the juice their bodies contain. People wonder what made the sundew a bloodthirsty villain. Years ago, when it was of good character and harmless, its seeds got disseminated in poor soil where there was an insufficient amount of organic matter. The sundew grew thin, pale, and lost its strong mind. It was depraved. Its system was calling for food. It was perishing. Nothing came to its relief. A dragon fly lit on it one day and dropped two dead mosquitoes, which it had captured in flight. These dead carcasses lodged in a depression on the leaf, and as the decaying bodies settled down on the hungry sundew's leaves, there was a smacking of its vegetable lips. The morsel tasted good. Half fed, pallid, intestines growling for more, the sundew conceived the idea of setting a trap. The squeezing out of the viscid fluid was the most convenient, and by thus being forced, in the struggle for existence, this plant never worries about food now.

Egbert Emmert's case was becoming critical. No human came to his rescue. The hilarious voices floating from the saloon below brought no relief. No dragon fly made any mistake or happened by any accidents to teach him any habits whereby his own body might survive in the great struggle for existence. The tallow candle burned low and, Egbert's intestines grumbled because he refused to eat the oat straw on which he was sleeping. His digestive organs wanted organic matter, but he himself was craving employment. A penny bought him a thin piece of sausage, wrapped in a piece of newspaper. The fragment of the morning *Chronicle* was the only symptom of a library in Egbert's spidery quarters. His bed was a catafalque of empty beer kegs, but they did not support a bier. The crackling of the oat straw and the romping of a few rats over the loft, interspersed by his own breathing broke the extreme silence in his apart-

ments. Here he sometimes wished he might become a rodent. A rusty rat, its body marked with cicatrices, galloped up and licked the grease from Egbert's only piece of literature. The lad pretested and the rodent retired to the back of the loft. "I might as well eat that myself," said he as the rat turned away.

As he lifted the fragment up, his eyes met the want column. "Help wanted," was all that remained. Egbert turned without reading, called to his rat roommate and said: "I may want to say, 'God bless you,' a little later." He read:

"*Wanted*—A young man with original ideas to take charge of our advertising department; \$4,000 yearly, to begin with, to right man. *The McGraw Corporation.*"

Egbert sat down on his pile of straw to meditate. He had spent many months in an effort to discover himself. He believed that he was a fit person for the job. Thousands of applicants he knew would be drawn by this alluring offer. But out of the thousands of others who would apply, how was he to impress the manager of that concern that he was the man who was most competent to fill the place? This was the puzzling question which was confounding him every moment after he read the slip.

Darkness came on and he picked up his hat and after brushing his clothes walked away. As he stepped under the street lights, a heap of small, slender flies piled down on his head and collar. Egbert looked up as he clawed them off with both hands. There were millions of them flying around. The street car track was piled up with so many that it became necessary to use a broom to clear the rails so the wheels would revolve. Egbert had forgotten all about his imaginary job. He watched with much amusement the street walkers dodging, clawing and cursing the annoying flies. The deluge of flies came without warning. Their mystery and even their identity baffled the town's oldest philosophers and scientific men.

Egbert went to the library. For two hours he searched for a book on insects and finally recognized from a drawing that the strange and rather impressive visitors of the evening were the *ephemerid*, or May flies. He sat down with pencil, and as a result the morning paper bore the following item:

"TOWN DELUGED WITH A NEW FLY

"Young Egbert Emmert tells us all about them. His story follows:

"The new fly which made its appearance in countless numbers Friday night is not a new fly by any means. Hearing the question as to what kind of a fly it can be by so many of our citizens has led me to prepare this article.

"The May fly was given the name *ephemerid*, or ephemeral, fly, because it was supposed to live only one day. But this is erroneous. It is true that they live a very short time, but usually a little longer than one day. They are a very weak insect, and I, myself, thought they were a new species, but I find that it is a well-known creature, the eggs of which are laid

in rivers and lakes. These soon hatch out and the young larvae are aquatic, and live for two years feeding in the water. The second year they moult and climb out, usually upon a weed and fly away. The street lights have attracted them from the river. They are harmless, excepting for their cursed annoyance, and make a very desirable food for fish. It is the May fly that you see imitated on most all artificial bait for fishes.

"In the worm state they may migrate for miles in the river, hence the young which will hatch from the eggs laid in the river may travel several miles up or down the river during the next two years.

"It seems rather funny, too, that sportsmen in the town have not recognized this common fly. And I, too, saw them invade a town in the Great lakes once in such great numbers that the air was flecked with them. Their coming in small numbers, or their appearance one at a time will not attract or impress a person, but when they make their appearance in such large numbers, they leave a lasting impression and consequently everyone seeks to know something about them."

When the sunlight gained entrance into Egbert Emmert's loft the following morning, the most of his troubles had been lost in his deep study of the May fly. He went down on the street and borrowed a copy of the morning paper. Egbert was anxious to see his article in print. As he read the last sentence it stuck deep in his cranium. The gnawing pain in an empty stomach had disappeared. His pick had struck gold. How the fly had impressed him and others was a rich strike, indeed.

There was the gold watch left him as his only inheritance by his much respected father. There was a pawn shop in town. Egbert associated himself with the pawn shop, left his material inheritance with the keeper and secured \$10 for ten days in return. No breakfast yet. A box of stationery, a good pen, a table at the hotel, and a young man busy plying the pen. A part of the application read:

"I know that you are likely to be besieged with applications for the position of advertising manager, but I shall undertake to convince you that out of the hundreds that you are likely to receive, I am the young man best fitted for the place."

The application copied, punctuated, read, reread, and finally approved, Egbert smiled as he put the May fly idea into it. The entire box of stationery was utilized, the application copied one hundred times, and mailed simultaneously in separate envelopes.

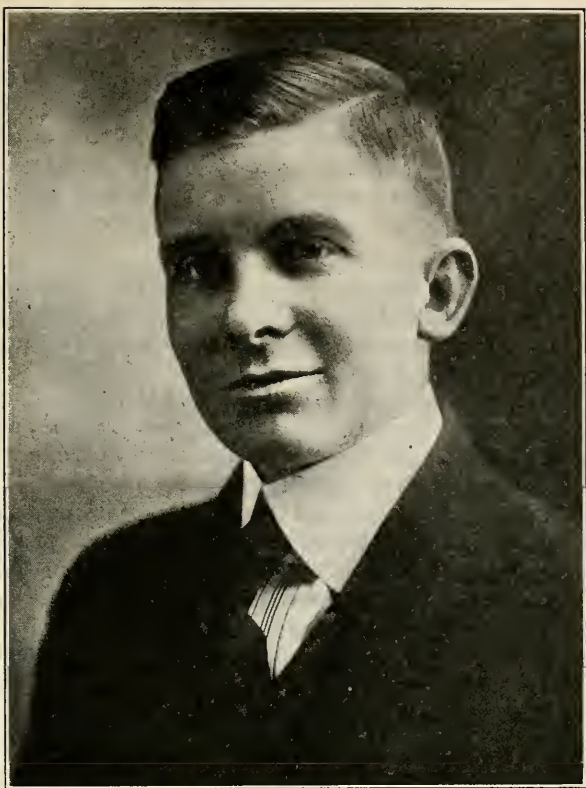
Ten years afterwards I saw hanging on the wall in the office of the president of a large corporation a beautiful painting of a number of May flies, underneath which was written, "There is nothing so little in nature but what teaches a deep lesson."

Chattanooga, Tenn.

False or True

How sharp my pain if thou as false appear,
And rapt my soul when I beleive thee true!
How chills my heart at hidden danger near,
As if my breath the upas poison drew!
If some unguarded word deceptions show,
Or glance of waywardness a fault reveals,
Then peace not any of my moments know,
And yet a kiss, again, my anger steals!
Thus I exult, or anguish in my fears,
Love brings me triumph or this aching brow,
I list unto the music of the spheres,
Or whisper, as I fear, thy broken vow:
Yet prove still true, or "false as Cressid" be,
Not time nor fate can take love's past from me!

Alfred Lambourne



Claude C. Cornwall

Recently Appointed Field Secretary of the Young Men's Mutual
Improvement Associations

If active participation in the Mutual Improvement work may be regarded as ample qualification for leadership among our young men, then Elder Claude C. Cornwall has come to the position of Field Secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A. well equipped for this responsibility.

His Mutual activity began in contest work, as a young man, first in quartette singing where his organization won in the ward and stake finals, then in tenor solo, and later he succeeded in winning the grand finals of the Church in re-told story.

During his college days at the U of U he was song and yell leader, and he attributes this early ability to the experience he had as chorister in the Sunday School and M. I. A. He was at this time a member of the Salt Lake Opera chorus, the University quartette and glee club and a charter member of the

new Salt Lake Oratorio Society. In 1911 he was graduated from the Engineering School and for a while followed the engineering profession, later being employed in the faculty of the L. D. S. University. Here he became a leader in student activities and many Founder's Day celebrations and school dramatic and operatic productions have been counted successful under his management.

At this time he became active in the Boy Scout program, first as scoutmaster in his ward, then Deputy Stake Commissioner of the Granite stake, and later he was appointed Supt. of the Mutuals of the Cottonwood stake.

When war broke out he enlisted with the U. S. training detachment at the University of Utah and was appointed instructor in electricity. During this service he organized the training detachment band which was heard during the summer in concerts both at the U. and also in the Salt Lake Theatre. Under his direction a vaudeville production was given at the Orpheum and more than 1200 soldiers were banquetted at the Hotel Utah and the University campus on the proceeds of these concerts. This active service won for him an appointment to the field artillery officers' school at Camp Taylor, Ky., where he was made instructor in mathematics and Battery Song leader, concluding his military service in this camp.

One day Pres. Jos. W. McMurrin, of the California mission, met Elder Cornwall on Main St., at Salt Lake, and as he says, "had an inspiration to speak to the young man." This resulted in his call to the California mission where he became a prominent figure in supervision and organization among the Mutual Improvement Associations and Sunday schools. On his return from this mission of two and one-half years he entered the advertising and business field until the fall of last year when he went to Beaver, Utah, and there organized and taught the L. D. S. Theological Seminary.

There are few young men in the Church who are better known than Elder Claude C. Cornwall. His play, *Fagged Out*, written to emphasize the 1921 slogan, has been produced in many of the ward mutuals. Through active participation in community affairs he has gained a wide acquaintance. He was a song leader in Los Angeles Community Service and a member of the L. A. Oratorio Society, was special Boy Scout Commissioner for California, Arizona and Nevada, and was a member of the Board of Directors of the new Salt Lake Community Drama League.

Members of the General Board feel confident that the appointment of Elder Cornwall has been properly made and that his energy and experience will be an asset to the organization.

Why I Remain a "Mormon"

By Paul E. Reimaun (One of the "Mutual" Men)

There is a radical difference between giving reasons for belonging to a particular church and merely offering conventional excuses. When eight years of age, I was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I was not actually converted, however, until several years later. Since then, many have bitterly argued that the Church of my forefathers ought to be "good enough" for me. Contrary to this fallacy, I am certain that if my deceased relatives know anything about the plan of salvation, they do not regret that I am a "Mormon." As a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, I have experienced genuine satisfaction, which would decline if I should abandon "Mormonism."

In my early boyhood, I lived in an atmosphere of adverse feeling towards Joseph Smith, which caused me to reflect seriously over the problem of religion. My soul subsequently developed spiritual longings:

- (1) I desired a solution to the problem of the origin of my spirit being;
- (2) I sought an explanation of the purpose and destiny of human life;
- (3) I wanted the opportunity to fulfil the purpose for which I was created.

I studied and investigated "Mormonism," because so much prejudice, intolerance and bigotry were manifested towards it. I decided that I would study and ask my Father in heaven, and either be convinced of its truths, or find a more promising religion. After gradual investigation, I began to feel that "Mormonism" is the plan of God, which solves the problem of living; and I expected to find that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints embodies all the opportunities and privileges necessary for me to fulfil my mission upon the earth.

My loyalty to the philosophy of "Mormonism" rests upon faith in the continuation of divine revelation. This is precipitated by faith in a personal God and a personal Redeemer, Jesus Christ. My reason for this belief is drawn from study and observation, wherein I find that the degree of power and intelligence of any conscious force or organism depends upon the type and quality of organization. If God is unorganized, why should man be organized? and since man is organized, why should

not God, who possesses the greatest intelligence, be perfect in organization?

He has a purpose in this universe; otherwise man would not have a body. To man He has given the greatest intelligence, by far; and it would be untenable to assume that human beings have an advantage over God our Father. The human race communicates with Deity through inspiration in discovery and invention, and particularly in prayer. This manifests a relationship with God whom we regard as our divine Parent. Considering ourselves the sons and daughters of our Father and Mother in heaven the gospel teaches that we came to this earth for the purpose of receiving a body.

The gospel teaches the doctrine of continued revelation, on the premises that it is God's method of direct communication. Not only does scripture substantiate this belief but reason as well. The radio receiving instrument will obtain a message from the broadcaster when properly adjusted. The human soul is a more delicate instrument, and if it possesses the right qualities it may enjoy inspiration from the divine. Revelation operates on the same basis but it is more magnified.

Joseph Smith testified that he saw God our Father and Jesus Christ our Savior as two glorified, immortal and distinct Personages; that the angel Moroni brought the gold plates which Joseph translated by inspiration and revelation; that Peter, James and John conferred upon him the keys of the holy Priesthood; that he communicated with heavenly messengers; and that he received revelations and manifestations from God. The proof of these claims is manifested in the functioning power of the Priesthood in the Church today, and in the fulfilment of prophecies. Scripture, reason, and history substantiate the principle of modern revelation, for God is impartial and just.

Through revelation, the gospel was restored, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was established, with all the principles, laws and ordinances requisite to the salvation of the human family. The Priesthood is the life and vitality of the Church. It is the government of God, represented by prophets, apostles, high priests, seventies, elders, priests, teachers and deacons, organized into their respective quorums according to the laws of God. It is the divine institution of which I am a member, and whereby I may develop to the full extent of my opportunities.

I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints because "Mormonism" is the divine philosophy of life, which embodies God's system of spiritual and temporal improvement. It is the science of righteous living. It reconciles every demand of life and solves the three problems of the heart:

Where and how my life or spirit existed prior to mortal embodiment.

Why I am on this earth—the purpose for this mortal existence.

What possibilities God has provided for my future existence beyond this sphere, and by what opportunities in this life I may attain that destiny.

I have learned from investigating the gospel that my spirit-being was born of our Father and Mother in heaven, where I developed as an intelligent personage like all of my spirit brethren and sisters. I had my free-agency and heavenly opportunities to acquire knowledge, construct the rudiments of my character and work out my sacred mission. I was presented with the privilege of coming to this world for a body that I might continue to progress, because I kept my First Estate.

"Mormonism" satisfies the present problem of life concerning the purpose for this mortal sphere. I came into this experience to receive and develop a physical body in preparation for the future beyond the resurrection; and the degree of my compliance with God's laws will determine my state of progress in the hereafter. The gospel teaches me that God my Father passed through a mortal sphere. Now, by obeying his laws and following his plan of living I may, in eternity, become like he is now. The retarding influences in this life will be a blessing to me if I overcome them as did my Redeemer; for I must experience the bitter in order to enjoy the vital blessings of heaven.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the divine institution which provides all the opportunities essential to prepare me for the state of progress which God enjoys. It is the divine method of living. It is the University of Jesus Christ, who has instituted the entrance requirements and specified the essentials to graduate into the Celestial Kingdom. Christ our Redeemer has an organization of officers who are his faculty-students, empowered with the Priesthood, according to the degree of their respective positions.

I have fulfilled the entrance requirements of baptism, and the laying on of hands by authorized representatives of this divine institution. I have also received the Priesthood which has commissioned me as a faculty-student. In compliance with the course which leads to the Celestial degree of eternal glory I have been permitted to receive of the blessings of the temple. In this course which I am studying and following, the most sacred ideal in my life is the patriarchal promise of the companion whom the Lord desires to be my celestial partner. To enjoy this blessing, I anticipate our entrance into the New and

Everlasting Covenant in the House of the Lord and with this blessing the responsibility of home building.

In this divine university all the laws and ordinances must be complied with in order to remain a candidate for a Celestial Degree of Glory after the resurrection. The method I use in this life to fulfil my chosen course in the University of Jesus Christ will determine whether or not my resurrected body and soul will be qualified to dwell in the celestial kingdom.

My mission in this wonderful institution, in addition to the requisites of a true Latter-day Saint course in life, is a program of service. As a faculty-student in this Church, I must get into action and be of service. "Mormonism" is the divine blessing through which I may bless my fellow men. I am trying to prepare my life as a faculty-student for the extension division of this institution—the mission field.

I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints because "Mormonism" reveals the sphere from which I came, and it explains the purpose for my present existence. The Church is the University of Jesus Christ which provides the complete course of divine salvation. If I prove myself to be a diligent faculty-student I will graduate with "high honors" at my resurrection and enter post-graduate work in the Celestial Kingdom for eternity.

Miller Ward, Granite Stake

The Light that is Felt

(Selected)

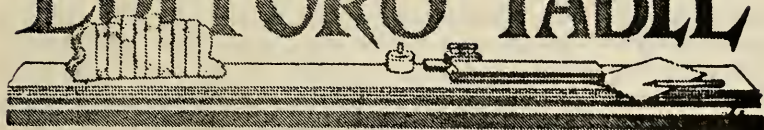
A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly,
"Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before,
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!

John G. Whittier.

EDITORS TABLE



Prayer

We Stand for Divine Guidance through Individual and Family Prayer.—M. I. A. slogan, 1923-4

Prayer is a desire, a natural longing, an eager wish, arising in the soul to enjoy a coveted good. To pray effectively, one must be in harmony with the Lord, and every prayer must not only be offered in faith, but it must be supported by effort. There is virtue in the couplet:

“Think and act a kind and loving thought each day.
Pray for what you want, and work for what you pray.”

The conditions of an acceptable prayer are humility, forgiveness, the avoidance of outward show and vain repetitions, faith, and union. God gives us what we stand in need of when we ask under these conditions, but we have to toil for it, he does not always arbitrarily grant it, but rather through wise and beneficent laws. Our prayers must be pure in motive and unselfish, and must be for the glory of the Father. When prayer is uttered in this spirit it brings man nearer to God and helps him to conquer his baser self, by creating in his heart love for others. It gives man a deeper insight into the ways of God, by placing him in harmony with His Spirit. This harmony keeps him from temptation, and unspotted from the sins of the world. It gives him greater power, wisdom and might, because it familiarizes him with the laws of God and so insures him the divine guidance that tends to his salvation.

We are told to pray always, continuously, and without ceasing. In this injunction, ye learn that it is not enough that we should pray in sickness, in trouble and sorrow, but we should likewise remember the Lord in our prosperity, when we have all the comforts and luxuries and blessings of life at our command. Our words should be few and our hearts full of forgiveness and love, and our petition uttered in earnest.

Family prayers should be held morning and night, to be participated in by the whole family. Members should take their turn in praying with the family, and should be called on to pray often, vocally. Every member of the family should have an opportunity to pray, and no one member should mo-

nopolize the privilege of praying before the family. Our prayers should be informal, without set words. We should pray earnestly for what we desire most at the time, and make our prayers full of living wants, and not a jumble of set words meaning little or nothing. Secretly or in public, we should ask for the things most appropriate for the occasion and that which is the uppermost desire in our own hearts, or of the congregation, or of the family.

Prayer promotes spiritual growth because it places the spirit of man in the environment of the Spirit of God. It places the petitioner in communion with Him and so gives divine guidance. It provides spiritual exercise, and keeps alive, active and strong, the eternal spirit of man, enabling it to master the physical and overcome the passions of the flesh. It places man in a pure atmosphere where God's Spirit takes hold of the hand to lead, and enters the mind to direct. In such environment clean thoughts thrive and result in good and noble actions. It keeps one in the faith, for no person can apostatize from the right as long as he prays in the proper spirit. Prayer uttered in the right attitude is one of the most valuable habits that a young person can form. It is a safeguard to youth, a comfort and a pillar of power and strength in middle life, and in old age, a consolation that wipes away the sting of the grave and takes from death its victory.—A

The June M. I. A. Conference

The conference was a pronounced success both in instruction and in the number who attended. Two outstanding themes were dwelt upon, namely, prayer and recreation.

Supt. Richard R. Lyman introduced the slogan for the year: "We stand for Divine Guidance Through Individual and Family Prayer." The slogan was further introduced at every meeting both general and departmental, and there was appropriate scripture reading accompanying each introduction. Among these was the injunction of the Lord to the Saints, found in the Doc. and Cov., 19:28: "I command thee that thou shalt pray vocally as well as in thy heart; yea, before the world, as well as in secret, in public as well as in private."

The other leading theme was clean recreation. Special emphasis was placed upon this subject. The new obligation resting upon the Mutual Improvement Associations in directing the leisure time and play of the people of the Church was dwelt upon, and the heavy responsibility resting upon the leaders in this matter was pointed out. We have faith in our great volunteer leadership to put into efficient effect this pressing

obligation which has been given to our association by the First Presidency. We have felt that this body of men and women are willing and able to serve the young people efficiently in this undertaking. They must keep in mind the standards and objectives as held out in the folder issued by the General Boards. There we find a few fundamentals, namely, the preservation of health, clean amusement, proper employment of leisure hours and social cooperation. The latter means the assistance of the priesthood quorums, and every auxiliary organization in the Church. There must be united effort to bring about this cooperation and we must work together as a whole with the great objectives in view—clean amusement and the preservation of health and morals—and specifically encourage reverence for and faith in our religious obligations.

The departmental meetings were interesting schools, in which leaders sought to be educated. The arrangement of the conference meetings was such that each department was given the opportunity to present its claims and activities to the whole body. It was a good arrangement and worked out very satisfactorily.

Many officers were in attendance and every stake in the Church except three was represented. The meetings were well attended and the Sunday afternoon meeting, being a joint meeting of the Mutual and Primary, was favored with the presence of many of the presiding authorities and conducted by the Presidency of the Church. The tabernacle was packed and hundreds were turned away. Presidents Heber J. Grant, Charles W. Penrose, Anthony W. Ivins, and Elders George Albert Smith, Reed Smoot, Richard R. Lyman, and Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve, delighted the young people with their presence, their helpful counsels, and strong testimonies concerning the divinity of the great work of the Lord, and gave much encouragement to them to be prayerful, and clean in their habits, and to press on efficiently in the great work before them.

We are certain that the numerous leaders of the M. I. A. returned to their home organizations better equipped than ever before, for the heavy responsibilities resting upon them. They go with two visions before them: to seek divine guidance through individual and family prayer, and to put their best efforts into providing clean recreation and entertaining leisure time activities for the young people of the Church. We trust that during the year every effort will be bent toward obtaining the best results than can follow these two objectives.—A.

Messages from the Missions

Big Conference in Arizona

The semi-annual conference of the Arizona conference was held at Tucson, April 27-29. Pres. Joseph W. McMurrin, presided, and President Samuel W. Price, conducted the meetings. A number of missionaries attended. A special priesthood meeting was held on Friday at 5 o'clock, with eleven missionaries present. The first general session convened on Saturday morning at Binghampton. All the branches are in good condition. On Saturday evening a splendid musical operetta was rendered by the Binghampton Mutual under the direction of George Clawson; and on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock the conference was continued at Tucson, a number of the brethren speaking on various principles of the gospel. President McMurrin urged the Saints to use their talents in forwarding the work of the Lord, and particularly stressed the need of supporting the living oracles, the chosen leaders of the Church. A number of gospel talks were given by the elders, and President McMurrin blessed the elders and encouraged them to continue in the lines of their duties and expressed the hope that the Saints in Tucson would soon have a place of their own in which they could worship the Lord. Splendid musical numbers were given by the combined efforts of Tucson and Binghampton. The average attendance throughout the conference was 250, showing a splendid increase in membership, and that the work of the Lord is steadily advancing in Arizona. Samuel W. Price was released to return to his home in Santa Ana, California, after thirty two months of service in the field.



Elders left to right: (back row) J. Frank Robinson, Wallace C. Thompson, Levor M. Doney, Heber J. Webb, Myron B. Childs, Ray Blackburn, Dolyman Bayles; (front row) James W. Harvey, Theodore E. Reese, Gecoza McRae, returned missionary; R. Clarence White, Joseph W. McMurrin, California mission president; Samuel W. Price, President Arizona conference; Heber E. Farr, president Binghampton branch.

Better Conditions in Norwich

Elder A. Lewis Elggren, clerk of the Norwich conference, England, reports that that conference includes the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and part of the county of Cambridgeshire, ten elders laboring in that district, all of whom believe that there is still a great work to be done in that country. "President David O. McKay has said, 'This is the harvest and not the glean time'. The British mission has prejudice to surmount. The word 'Mormon', in some places here has taken on the meaning of everything that is bad. Instead of signifying more good in the mind of an uninformed Englishman, he conceives it to be more bad. To allay this misconception we are using tracts telling the truth and denying the anti-'Mormon' slanders about the Latter-day Saints. Conditions may not be as smooth and easy here as in other missions, yet they are not as bad here as some of the Saints of Zion seem to believe. The anti-'Mormon' movement of a year ago has died down to almost nothing. The enemy played himself out, and the old polygamy stories were rehashed to such an extent that the public became tired of them. So the adversary is losing ground while we are gaining. Attendance of investigators at all our meetings has increased and we are getting many non-members into our cottage meetings. Our largest and best conference was held April 8. President David O. McKay of the European mission was present and delivered strong and impressive addresses, taking for his text, 'By their fruits ye shall know them'."



Elders of the conference. top row, left to right: Arthur H. Aamodt, Murray; Francis L. Dent, A. Lewis Elggren, James D. Moyle, Salt Lake City; Floyd A. Bailey, Ogden; Peter Tolboe, incoming conference president, Castle Dale. Middle row: J. W. Ernest Tomlinson, ex-president of the Sheffield conference, Salt Lake City; Russel H. Blood, of the Liverpool mission office, Kaysville; President David O. McKay, of the European mission; Joseph Coulam, out-going conference president, Pleasant Grove; William E. Allen, of the Liverpool mission office, Provo. Bottom row: Claren Schofield, Spring City; Jesse R. Peterson, Hyrum; and Percy Whetton, Ogden, Utah.

No Opposition in Berlin

Elder Willard M. Hansen, writing from Berlin, Germany, April 30, encloses a picture of the missionaries laboring in that conference, taken at their monthly priesthood meeting, April 5. He says further: "We are blessed here in being able to work with practically no opposition such as one finds in so many other fields. The people seem to have been prepared during the past few years for the gospel message and we find many who are seeking the truth. Over seventy have been baptized since the first of January, and if we can continue to work unhindered, we will undoubtedly have a record-breaking year. Here in Berlin we are fortunate in being able to hold our meetings in the auditoriums of three large high schools. This will probably sound strange to the missionaries who were here before the war and who were constantly persecuted and driven from the city because they were 'Mormons.' Conditions here are not as bad as the American newspapers would make one think. We are able to buy anything we want if we are willing to pay for it and although one reads of the many cases of starvation, none of us have found an actual case of it yet. Our members here and our Church members particularly, are blessed with the necessities of life, and they feel that the hand of the Lord is protecting them and helping them during these uncertain times. We all feel that now is the reaping time in Germany and we hope through our efforts to be able to convert many souls to the truth."



Elders left to right, back row: Vernon Rhodes, Garland; Wayne Kartchner, Provo Bench; Carl Ballantyne, Ogden; Samuel Hanks, Salt Lake; Carl Colditz, Chemnitz, Germany; Hermann Strauch, Dresden, Germany; W. Leonard Beers, Salt Lake; Otto Hardel, Schonlanke, Germany. Second row: Henry Hofer, Salt Lake; Franz Rimmasch, Konigsberg, Germany; J. Russell Hughes, Provo; Conrad Quinney, Logan; Taylor Peery, Porterville, California; Victor Taylor, Provo; Clinton Pugmire, Ogden; Homer Duncan, Salt Lake; William Schult, St. Louis, Missouri; Truman Young, Salt Lake. Front row: John D. Philips, Idaho Falls; Elwood Winters, Garland; Arnold Ehlers, Salt Lake; Willard M. Hansen, Salt Lake, conference president; E. Virgil Norton, Salt Lake; Edward Breitenbucher, Dayton; Conrad Dietz, Salt Lake; Otto Andra.

Liquor the Curse of Australia

Elder G. Raymond Hall, Perth, Australia, reports that the work of the Lord in that part of the world is growing, and that the elders are enjoying their labors well. "Religion is not very popular in this country, but we are gradually finding a few honest souls. The people here are great pleasure seekers and the liquor is the curse of the country. We surely enjoy the *Era* and look forward to its arrival each month. We use the numbers to a very good advantage as literature for friends and investigators after we have read them."

Missionaries Treated Kindly and Succeed

Elder H. Landwaard, president of the Amsterdam conference of the Netherlands mission, reports that at their March 4 conference, some 400 people met at each meeting on Saturday and Sunday to hear the teachings of the Latter-day Saint elders and listen to the testimonies of the divinity of the Church. President John P. Lillywhite, now released, was present and delivered powerful and interesting sermons. "We have plenty of investigators and many baptisms have been performed. The people here are hospitable and kind and we have any number of conversations nearly everywhere we go. The Saints are very kind to the missionaries. We have a well organized Mutual where we teach the principles of the gospel and the English language. We have a wonderful Relief Society, between forty and fifty members, and a choir which is a credit to the conference. Amsterdam is a very clean city and a desirable place to work, hence the missionaries are all happy and find much joy in their labors. We find the *Improvement Era* a very great help as a missionary."



Missionaries left to right, top row: H. Noorda, Salt Lake City; Claire E. Jackson, Ogden; Ralph R. Merrill, Brigham City. Front row: H. Landwaard, conference president; Johan J. DeBry, Salt Lake City.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

New Bishops

New bishops in Weber stake: Ogden First ward, Horace E. Gardner succeeded Datus H. Ensign; Riverdale, Murray A. Jacobs succeeded Adam A. Bingham; Kaneshville, Ernest Green succeeded George Green; Hooper, Thomas W. Reed succeeded James R. Beus.

Seminary Graduation

The first graduating exercises of the Granite Stake Seminaary, in which stake, by the way, the seminary idea of the Church schools of the Latter-day Saints was begun, was held in the Granite stake tabernacle, on Sunday evening, May 27, 1923. There were thirty-five graduates who were presented with diplomas by President Joseph J. Daynes. Remarks were made by President Uriah G. Miller and by President Frank Y. Taylor of the Cottonwood and Granite stakes respectively. The big feature of the exercises was four brief talks by seminary students, Elizabeth Mitchell, Ruth Pack, Scott Richmond Young, and Hazel Wilkinson. These talks were characteristic of the studies which have been given to the students in the seminary by Principal John M. Whittaker and Professor Ernest Bramwell. Dr. John A. Widtsoe, commissioner of education of the Church, gave a stirring address to the graduates. There were musical selections by professor J. Spencer Cornwall and Misses Melba and Virginia Lindsay.

Gunnison Stake Organized

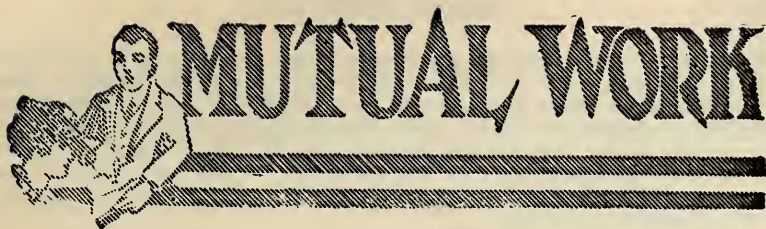
The Gunnison stake was organized, May 6, 1923, by Elders Joseph Fielding Smith and Stephen L. Richards, of the Council of the Twelve. The following officers were appointed: Stake presidency, Allen E. Park, president; Charles A. Rasmussen, and Leo D. Bradsley, Counselors. High Councilors, Parley Christianson, Soren Anderson, Edward V. Bunderson, Joseph A. Larson, Archie M. Mellor, Christian A. Peterson, Winfred L. Fjeldsted, Henry D. Bartholomew, William J. Metcalf, Royal Whitlock, Theron Pickett, and LeRoy H. Lund.

The following are the wards with their bishops: Axtell, Charles S. Despain; Centerfield, Charles S. Hansen; Fayette, George M. Bartholomew, Jr.; Gunnison, Ernest L. Swalborg; Mayfield, Willard Franklin Willardson; and Clarion branch, Peter L. Frandsen, presiding elder.

Ernest Halverson was appointed superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., and Amanda Beck, of the Y. L. M. I. A.

The Oquirrh Stake Organized

The Oquirrh stake was organized, June 3, at Pleasant Green, Salt Lake Co., comprising the following wards: Garfield, Magna, Pleasant Green, Hunter, and Granger, with a population of about 4,000 souls Elder George A. Little was sustained as president, with Elders John Henry Bawden and Henry Earl Day as Counselors. The High Councilors appointed were, Daniel H. Jacobs, James C. Bertoch, Fredrick L. Bangerter, John P. Pendleton, Isaac W. Coon, Ronald M. Woolley, Thomas B. Barton, and William T. Cannon. Leonard H. Whipple was appointed superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. and Viola B. Jones of the Y. L. M. I. A.



Monthly Message to the "M" Men

IX—THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING

By Thomas A. Beal, Member of the General Board

The power to grow depends on vision and the power to work. If we know where we are headed, have faith in ourselves, and give our best efforts to what we are doing, there is no reason why we should not reach the predetermined goal. Knowledge of what we are doing helps us to bend our energies and our faculties toward reaching the desired object. The power to grow is based also on the power to learn. Every day in our lives we should add to our storehouse of knowledge some useful information and if we do, we will die well informed. On the other hand, if we cease studying and learning with the completion of some definite time, information will cease and we will soon be an empty vessel. In other words, information must be constantly added to keep the fountain of knowledge from drying up.

One of the greatest blessings our Creator has given us, and he has given mankind many, is the love of work. Success will come as a rule to the person who takes pride in his work. No one ever stirred the world by half-hearted effort. They who have become notable have usually been hard workers. But not only have they given their time and energy to their task, but their love has gone with it. Do your best and never trust to luck; love your work as though it were a living thing; treat everybody fair and square, and you will achieve success in any profession or undertaking. Usually if we treat others fair we will get the same treatment in return; as we measure out to others it is meted back to us.

Also be good listeners as well as good workers. He who talks much usually accomplishes little. In this day and age of the world it takes a great man to make a good listener. Much of the personal admiration for people comes because of their ability to keep quiet and yet keep their ear close to the surface.

The world needs good listeners in the noisy clamorous age when everyone is trying to get a hearing. He who listens discriminately is a valuable person. Only he who loves his fellow man with sympathy, tenderness and intelligence can be a good listener. Cultivate the art of being a good listener; cultivate the love of work; cultivate the sense of fairness; and promote the spirit of good fellowship and achievement will be the reward.

Leadership is the Thing

From H. C. Sorensen, superintendent Y. M. M. I. A. of the Hyrum stake, we learn that one hundred per cent of the fund has been collected in that stake, and that good work has been done by the ward workers during the year. He refers especially to N. H. Shaw of the Paradise ward who has earnestly labored to place that association on its feet. He organized the scouts, the "M" Men, and a dramatic association. Through the latter he replenished the funds to the amount of fifty dollars for the first three performances, besides later placing a new community sacrament set in the

ward house. By following performances they were enabled to pay all their obligations, besides leaving thirty dollars in the treasury. The meetings of the ward have become very interesting. The musical talent has been organized, and the association's attendance was raised from thirty to as high as two hundred and twenty. The "M" Men's basket ball team won the honors, and the boys are ready for the baseball games of the summer. Other wards of the stake have done good work and are primed for the summer activities.

An Excellent "M" Men's Class

O. M. Calder, president Vernal Second ward, forwards this picture of the "M" Men's class of that ward, the only class of the kind in Uintah stake. He says: "It has been characterized by an excellent class spirit by regular attendance, by class participation in the lessons, by social class spirit and a willingness to help in the Y. M. M. I. A. cause. We are very proud of this class and our testimony is that all Mutual Improvement associations should have this organization."



Standing: W. Belcher C. Hardy, E. Johnson, T. Ellingsford, E. Timothy, L. Gillman, L. Remington. Sitting R. Aycock, 1st assistant; L. Holfeltz, E. Shelton, secretary; C. Watkins, president of class; C. Eaton, vice-president of class; M. Calder, president of the Y. M. M. I. A.; and C. Colton class leader.

New Superintendents

New stake superintendents of the Y. M. M. I. A.: For the new Gunnison stake, Ernest Halverson; of South Sanpete stake, Ray Chapman, Vern O. Knudsen was chosen superintendent of the Los Angeles stake; Asael C. Lambert, on March 9, of the Yellowstone stake, and Leonard H. Whipple, June 3, of the new Oquirrh stake.

Instructive Folders

The M. I. A. General board have issued *Monthly Special Programs*, 32 pages of matter, including, besides the monthly events for the whole year, twelve joint Sunday evening programs under the theme, "The Faith of Our Fathers;" also the twelve weekly Sunday evening outlines, under the title, "The Book of Mormon and Some of its Contributions," for associations holding meetings weekly during the summer months.

Another folder contains a program in detail on *Fathers and Sons' Outings* to be held during July and August. Every leader who is to

take charge of one of these popular outings will find these of great value and should be provided with a copy. The very important *Recreational Folder* of some 32 pages of instructions to leaders was distributed during conference. This document sets forth some of the objectives and standards to be attained in our recreational campaign.

Then we have the *Song Folder*, containing devotional, recreational, and M. I. A. songs, used during the June Conference.

These folders are all of great importance to leaders of Mutual Improvement organizations. Have you a copy of each?

The New Reading Course

The new reading course consists of five books as follows:

1. *III Nephi*, Book of Mormon, containing very important practical religious instruction, including the account of the visit of our Lord Jesus Christ, and his teachings, to the people of Nephi as they were gathered in the land Bountiful.

2. *Companionable Books*, by VanDyke. A book well worth reading.

3. *Ox Team Days on the Oregon Trail*, by Meeker and Driggs, containing thrilling accounts of pioneer experiences in Oregon and Washington during the early 50's.

4. *Including Mother'*, by Margaret Ashman. A book treating on the subject of the title.

5. *The Dim Lantern*, by Temple Bailey. A novel.

The books may be obtained from the Deseret Book Company or from any dealer in your neighborhood, either in sets or single copies.

Price (1) the Book of Mormon, 75c, \$1.50, \$2.50 and up; (2) \$2.00; (3) \$1.50; (4) \$1.50; (5) \$2.00. The whole set, cash with order, \$6.50, not including the Book of Mormon; where charge and mailed, \$7.30. All charges must be endorsed by the bishop of ward.

Holding Our Enrollment

There is a general tendency for young men, especially in rural districts to quit Mutual Improvement work when spring comes. Many of our associations hold their meetings on Sunday evening. It is very important that young men as well as young ladies should meet and receive spiritual instructions on the Sabbath day, and especially in the early evening prior to their hours of courtship, when this instruction may prove a safe-guard to them. A special program has been circulated containing an outline of twelve lessons for associations that meet weekly and Sunday evenings.

Y. M. M. I. A., Statistical Report, May, 1923


STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Bear River	509	12	12	94	244	156	203	697	60	80	59	95	294
Beaver	287	6	3	27	59	46	82	214	19	49	42	70	180
Box Elder	801	13	13	108	327	183	290	908	78	203	81	141	503
Cottonwood	789	12	8	68	84	162	266	580	40	35	58	163	296
Deseret ...	454	11	10	80	190	110	170	550	50	102	50	94	296

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, May, 1923

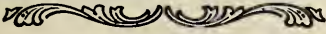
STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Hyrum	500	10	6	51	79	89	116	335	33	33	39	55	160
Kanab	222	6	4	32	58	36	70	196	15	21	15	22	73
Mt. Ogden	517	6	6	46	89	118	213	466	30	31	55	145	261
No. Davis	446	8	6	63	73	90	209	435	37	42	35	120	234
No. Weber	684	17	16	97	101	213	245	656	71	29	68	88	256
Ogden	800	10	10	85	95	324	242	746	63	34	108	127	332
Pioneer	972	13	13	113	177	225	363	878	81	79	109	221	490
Roosevelt	336	11	11	81	95	81	129	386	46	50	50	75	221
Salt Lake	1067	12	12	119	185	167	400	871	80	95	70	230	475
San Juan	270	4	4	27	68	59	65	219	13	23	22	26	84
Sevier	363	6	6	54	122	120	152	448	30	35	30	50	145
Bingham	500	12	11	83	201	95	169	548	54	102	54	89	299
Blackfoot	514	12	8	78	117	95	141	431	62	93	74	110	239
Burley	358	10	10	77	148	122	135	482	55	88	78	74	295
Curlew	130	10	3	23	41	14	25	103	18	15	7	16	56
Franklin	357	11	10	91	121	160	175	547	57	33	67	77	234
Fremont	680	13	13	117	194	217	223	751	79	117	108	127	431
Idaho	117	12	6	47	73	22	47	189	22	34	7	20	83
Malad	321	8	7	58	50	142	139	389	37	37	74	74	222
Pocatello	432	10	10	84	76	125	159	444	51	25	5	86	213
Portneuf	348	13	...	84	105	111	115	415	46	39	47	52	184
Rigby	543	15	12	86	137	137	165	525	64	59	73	84	280
Lethbridge	116	10	7	46	61	30	36	173	39	35	21	28	123

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, May, 1923

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Program	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in Y. M. I. A. Programs	Stake and Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings or T. T. Classes	Total
Bear River	10	5	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	9	93
Beaver	8	6	4	5	5	5	6	4	2	5	50
Box Elder	10	8	10	10	10	9	7	9	2	9	90
Cottonwood	7	5	6	5	5	6	7	5	5	4	55
Deseret	10	8	7	10	7	8	9	8	4	5	76
Hyrum	6	5	10	10	10	9	9	10	10	7	86
Kanab	9	4	7	3	7	7	6	7	7	6	63
Mt. Ogden	8	5	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	7	89
North Davis	9	7	8	10	8	10	9	8	10	6	85
North Weber	9	6	6	5	9	8	10	7	9	6	75
Ogden	9	4	8	9	8	9	10	10	10	10	87
Pioneer	9	6	10	10	10	9	9	8	8	9	88
Roosevelt	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	94
Salt Lake	8	5	10	10	10	9	10	9	9	9	89
San Juan	8	6	8	5	8	8	10	8	8	6	75
Sevier	10	4	10	8	10	10	10	8	10	8	88
Bingham	10	5	8	9	9	9	9	9	9	6	83
Blackfoot	9	8	7	4	8	6	9	10	10	6	77
Burley	10	6	7	6	9	9	9	10	8	6	80
Curlew	8	5	10	5	10	5	10	10	5	5	73
Franklin	10	4	7	8	10	9	8	9	6	5	76
Fremont	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	8	96
Idaho	10	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	44
Malad	10	6	5	10	10	10	10	8	9	7	85
Pocatello	10	5	8	8	10	8	9	9	...	5	72
Portneuf	10	7	6	5	10	9	5	8	7	2	69
Rigby	9	5	8	5	5	8	9	10	10	3	72
Lethbridge	10	10	3	7	6	6	6	7	7	7	69



Messages from the Church Music Committee



To the Stake and Ward Music Committees:

Dear Brethren and Sisters:

Arrangements have been made whereby messages from the Church Music Committee will hereafter appear in the *Era*, which is also the priesthood organ, so it seems a proper place for this information and instruction to appear.

The music bulletin will therefore be discontinued and each issue of the *Era* hereafter will contain this department.

Your brother,

Melvin J. Ballard,

Chairman, Church Music Committee.

On the Care of Musical Instruments in the Ward Houses of The Church

One of the most general complaints which comes to the Music Committee from visitors to the services in the wards of the Church concerns the neglect of our musical instruments in chapels and amusement halls. It is self-evident that the music service, either recreational or devotional, of any ward can in the main be judged by the pianos and organs which are used in its accompaniment. Choir leaders particularly complain that it is very difficult to get any assistance from the ward authorities toward taking care of these very necessary adjuncts to our worship, and the Music Committee takes this opportunity to draw the matter to the attention of bishoprics.

Aside from the disagreeableness of an out-of-tune instrument, there is a real danger in permitting people to sing constantly with an instrument that is out of tune. Singers unconsciously accommodate themselves to the instruments used to their accompaniment, and the continuous singing with an out-of-tune instrument, means the certain destruction of the ear of the vocalist and cannot result in anything less than poor song in any group so accompanied. Particularly with young folks is the practice of using an out-of-tune instrument exceedingly harmful.

Usually, organs are easier to keep in condition than pianos because of the manner in which the tone is produced. The reeds in an organ do not vary and cannot be changed in pitch except by long, hard usage or abuse, but care should be taken that the entire mechanism in an organ, to say nothing of the reeds themselves, may be kept in excellent working order. No instrument should be allowed to fall to pieces. Pianos should be tuned at least every three to six months, because with usage the strings relax and the pitch is bound to change. There are enough tuners who would be glad to make tours for the purpose of looking after these instruments if application were made to them. Many might be induced to make their vacation in this manner if enough tunings were guaranteed to make the trip profitable.

The Music Committee earnestly recommends that this matter have the careful attention of bishoprics and choristers and organists, and the summer is a good time to look after these instruments.

A Choir Roll Book

The Music Committee has received a number of enquiries regarding a suitable record book for ward choirs. It is believed that Eilers' "Sun-

day School Superintendents' Pocket Record" will serve the purpose of a choir roll very well until a roll book is published—especially arranged for choirs. This record book may be purchased at the Deseret Book Co., 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, for 50 cents a copy.

It is divided into a number of sections. In one section there is space provided for an attendance record. This spacing of lines is so arranged that there is room to keep a record of each member's attendance, both at rehearsals and at services for a year, by using two lines for each name. As there is much more room in this record than any ward choir will require for its membership record it is suggested that in this same section each hymn, anthem or other selection that the choir sings be inserted and a record kept of the dates it is practiced and the dates it is sung. Such a record of selections will be a great aid to the chorister in giving variety to his programs and in preventing a too frequent repetition of certain pieces.

There are a number of sections in the book where items of various kinds can be recorded. For example one section is headed "Special Matters Requiring Attention;" another "Important Things to do and When;" another, "Hints, Suggestions, Acts, Anecdotes, Illustrations, etc.;" and one for "Announcements." It will serve the purpose of a complete record of the choirs' membership and attendance, its musical activities and practically all business conducted by the choir.

A Pocket Metronome

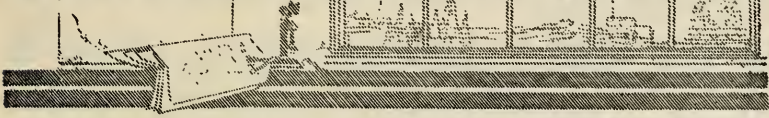
In most standard compositions nowadays the exact tempo is indicated by the Maelzel Metronome, the designation for the tempo being indicated thus: ♩—69, this being found at the beginning of the piece. While this gives the exact rate of speed where a metronome is available, one is left without this certain guide if he does not have access to this little machine, which is quite expensive.

To provide choristers and organists with the means of determining correct tempo the music committee recommends "The Carl Fischer Pocket Metronome," a little instrument resembling a tape measure, one and one half inches in diameter and half inch thick, which can be carried in the pocket. Every musician, who desires to know the correct and exact tempo as indicated by the marks, in accordance with the Maelzel standard, should have this pocket metronome if he does not have access to the standard machine. Order from Consolidated Music Co., Salt Lake City, Utah, price seventy-five cents. The music committee recommends this helpful little instrument. Full directions for use accompany each metronome.

Alpine Summer School

Instruction will begin on July 23 at the Alpine Summer School conducted by the Brigham Young University at Aspen Grove, nearly nine thousand feet above sea level. The school is open to all students of college standing and to post graduates. Courses in biology, geology, literature, art, and other subjects will be given. Board and lodging will be furnished by the University at reasonable rates. Besides the regular school work, there will be a number of attractive social features, according to announcements which have been made by the University.

PASSING EVENTS



Beet growers in Utah and Idaho received a bonus of \$300,000, June 1, from the Amalgamated Sugar Company, says an Ogden dispatch. The amount represents 75 cents a ton for beets delivered last fall.

The Bulgarian government was overthrown June 9, by a military coup. The agrarian prime minister, M. Stamboulisky, was arrested, June 11, by his military body guard, and M. Zankoff was made the head of the new regime.

Laban John Keys died at his home near Sandy, Salt Lake Co., Utah, May 30, after an illness of about a year, 66 years old. For 25 years he has been head of the city ticket office of the Oregon Short Line, and has made a host of friends.

The Presbyterian General assembly in Canada voted, June 11, in favor of amalgamation with the Methodists and Congregationalists. The vote was 426 to 129. The minority leaders at once announced that the Presbyterian church would continue.

The Irish rebellion came to an end, May 28, when Eamonn de Valera, its leader, issued a letter to the republican commandant of the Dublin area, in which he expressed the view that "it is no longer possible to defend the Irish republic by fighting."

Former Bishop Hyrum G. Olsen passed away June 2, at his residence in Salt Lake City. He was born in Christiania, Norway, fifty-five years ago and has been a resident of Utah for forty-six years. For four years he was the bishop of Liberty ward, Liberty stake.

Curly, the famous Crow scout, was buried at the Crow agency, May 2, says a dispatch from Billings, Montana. He was the sole survivor of the Custer Massacre, and it was he who brought the first news of it to the outside world in 1876. He died May 22, 68 years old.

Ogden boys graduated in Naval Academy, at Annapolis, June 7. They were Vincent Paul Conroy, son of Dr. and Mrs. Edward M. Conroy, and Walter Eugene Browning, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Browning. Both boys completed their four years' course with high honors.

The report of the existence of a petrified forest in California has been confirmed. The find was made in Orange county by gentlemen attached to the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. One fossil tree, the report says, was so old that it was beginning to turn into sandstone!

Mrs. Mary Ann Mayer Rogers died at St. George, Utah, May 15. She was born at Bucyrus, Ohio, April 9, 1833, and, with her parents, moved to Nauvoo in 1844. She came to St. George in 1861. She leaves 7 children 49 grandchildren, 107 great-grandchildren, and 10 great-great-grandchildren—173 in all.

Wm. Jennings Bryan was turned down by the Presbyterians, in their general assembly at Indianapolis, May 18. He was a candidate for the office of moderator, but was defeated. Dr. Charles T. Wishart was elected. The reason given for the defeat of the famous Nebraskan was his stand against Darwinism.

Joseph W. Folk died, May 28, in New York, at the home of his sister, Mrs. James A. Webb. He was, at one time, governor of Missouri and a leading politician. He was born in Brownsville Tenn., Oct. 28, 1869. In 1912 he announced his candidacy for the presidency, but withdrew in favor of Champ Clark.

Mrs. Morilla Little Horne died May 27, at her home in Salt Lake City. She was the daughter of Feramor Little, the first mayor of Salt Lake City, and the wife of William J. Horne. She was born Nov. 26, 1859, in Salt Lake City. For more than ten years she was the president of the Granite Stake Primary board.

William Sears Riggs died, May 15, in Panguitch, Utah, at the home of his son, A. J. Riggs. He was born in Quincy, Ill., March 19, 1830, and came to Salt Lake in 1849. He has lived in Panguitch since 1879. He leaves 8 children, 83 grandchildren, 152 great-grandchildren and 22 great-great-grandchildren—265 descendants.

The Wendover highway plan was approved by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, May 25. It is the route from Salt Lake City to the Nevada line, for which money was appropriated by the last state legislature. The Lincoln Highway association protested in favor of a road from Salt Lake to Ibapah. The secretary decided in favor of the Wendover route.

East high school graduates of the class of 1923 received their diplomas, June 7, at the commencement exercises in the school auditorium. Over 22 student were graduated, constituting the largest class ever qualifying in the school, according to Principal J. H. Coombs. An excellent musical program had been arranged by Miss Lisle Bradford, and the exercises were largely attended.

Senator Smoot accepts an invitation to speak in London, at a dinner to be given by the pilgrims, a society of Americans in the British capital. The dinner will be given July 12, in honor of the first trip across the Atlantic by the *Leviathan*. He has also accepted an invitation to speak in Paris, July 1. Then he will visit the Scandinavian countries, Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany.

At the Brigham Young monument impressive services were held, June 1, in honor of the 122nd anniversary of the birth of the great pioneer and empire builder. Mayor Clarence Neslen and Mr. H. E. Crockett were the speakers. Two wreaths, one from the state and one from the city, were placed on the monument. Appropriate services were held in the Tabernacle, Sunday, June 3.

Mrs. Emma Thomson Woodhouse died, June 4, at Lehi, of ailments incident to old age. She was born in Kentucky, Oct. 21, 1836, a year after her parents had joined the Church through the instrumentality of Elder, afterwards president, Wilford Woodruff. In 1837, the family moved to Far West Mo., and to Nauvoo, Ill., in 1840. They crossed the plains in 1849, arriving in Salt Lake valley that year.

Thomas Henry Wilson, Sr., of Payson, Utah, died at his home in that city, May 12, ninety-three years old. He was the oldest man in Payson, where he has lived since 1855. He was born in Swainby, England, April 14, 1830; joined the Church in 1855, and arrived in Utah the same year, in Ballantyne's company. He was, at one time, mayor of Payson, and has always been prominent in business circles.

President L. H. Redd, of the San Juan Stake, died in the Moab hospital, June 1, after an attack of influenza. He was born at Spanish Fork, Oct. 25, 1856. Under the instruction of President John Taylor he settled on the San Juan river, arriving on the present site of Bluff, April 6, 1880. In 1910 he was appointed president of the San Juan stake. He was prominent in both civic and ecclesiastical affairs in the San Juan section.

A Petition to the Utah supreme court was filed May 22, by the counsel for the defendants in the injunction proceedings growing out of the dispute about the election of Benjamin R. Harris for sheriff. The petitioners pray that the judge of the third district court be restrained from exercising jurisdiction in the matter. They allege that the Church has broken its pledges on which statehood was obtained by interfering in politics.

The body of Elder Carl L. F. Stelter arrived in Salt Lake City May 25, from Germany, accompanied by Elder Conrad Dietz. Elder Stelter had been released on account of failing health, but died in a hospital at Berlin before he could start for home. He was born in Germany, March 13, 1870, and was the son of Ferdinand Stelter of Stettin, Germany. He came to Salt Lake accompanied by his family 22 years ago. Funeral services were held in the Twenty-fourth ward chapel, Sunday, May 27.

Secretary of War Weeks arrived in Salt Lake City, May 29, from San Francisco, on his way east. He inspected the Jordan Narrows and approved of the location as a military training camp, but he said the war department had no money for the project. At Fort Douglas he expressed the view that the camp had deteriorated some, but that there were no funds for reconstruction purposes. He reiterated the old doctrine of Bismarck that "preparedness for war is an assurance of peace."

The commencement exercises at the Brigham Young university, Provo, June 8, marked the close of a successful school year. President Heber J. Grant, of the board of trustees, presided. The annual report, submitted by President Franklin S. Harris, showed the university to be in a flourishing condition. President A. W. Ivins addressed the graduates, and President Heber J. Grant delivered the final address, in which he expressed his appreciation of the loyalty of the B. Y. U. faculty, the faculties of other Church schools and the Latter-day Saints generally.

Great Salt Lake is two-tenths of a foot higher than it was at the highest peak in July last year, the previous high water record at any time since 1890, according to a report by J. Cecil Alter, meteorologist in charge of the Salt Lake weather bureau, published May 20. It is now seven and seven-tenths feet above the zero of the water gauge. The present elevation is about nine feet above that of the winter of 1902-3, when the water was at the lowest elevation on record.

An Indian convention has been planned at Onondaga N. Y., July 1, 2, and 3, according to a call issued to the Six Nations, for the purpose of discussing the "inalienable right of the Indians to mind their own business without outside interference." Chief Dominic Two Axe is mentioned as leader of the movement. He claims that Uncle Sam owes the Indians vast sums of money for the use of their land, and that the debt must be paid with money and not with schools and hospitals.

Tornado, flood, and fire visited Hot Springs, Ark., May 14, and left devastation in their wake. A cloudburst started the flood which split the city into three sections. Flames burst out in several places. From Colorado City, Texas, came a report the same day that seventeen persons were dead and one hundred injured as a result of a tornado which swept through Mitchell county. The wind leveled buildings and caused death and destruction for a distance of thirty miles. The property loss in Arkansas is estimated at exceeding a million dollars.

The Moffat tunnel decision was confirmed by the U. S. supreme court, June 11. This gives the Moffat Tunnel commission the right to issue bonds, and, practically, makes it certain that another railroad will enter Salt Lake City from the east, in due time. When completed, the James peak tunnel will be open to common use, and it is indicated in the supreme court decision that the Denver and Rio Grande Western, as well

as the Moffat road, will take its traffic between Denver and Salt Lake City through this tunnel, this route being much shorter than the present.

The new L. D. S. chapel at Oakland, Cal., was dedicated, Sunday, May 13, by Pres. Heber J. Grant. The morning meeting was set aside for Mothers' day services, at which Carl Kjar paid tribute to mothers. Conference President Joseph W. McMurrin and President Heber J. Grant addressed the meeting. At the afternoon session President W. Aird McDonald of the Oakland branch, Norman B. Phillips, the first president of the branch, and Willard D. Ellis, the present branch president, spoke briefly, giving reports of the erection of the chapel, which was dedicated by President Grant.

Evolution was discussed by the Presbyterian general assembly at Indianapolis, May 22. A resolution to withhold "official approval" from educational institutions that teach "a materialistic evolutionary philosophy of life" or which attempt to "discredit the Christian faith," was passed. Mr. Bryan's proposition to withdraw financial support from such schools was voted down. Mr. Bryan afterwards explained that the "resolution had been steam-rolled by a machine-ridden convention attended by a minority group of clever politicians." Mr. Bryan said he had had experience enough in politics, to know a machine when he saw one.

Funeral services for Mrs. Sarah Louisa Smith Roberts were held, May 21, at the Centerville ward chapel. Mrs. Roberts was born in 1854 and was a daughter of William Reed Smith and Emeline Levitt Smith. Her father was among the prominent men who settled Davis county. He served three terms in the territorial legislature and in 1874 was elected probate judge of Davis county. He presided over Davis stake until his death in 1894. Mrs. Roberts was married to B. H. Roberts in 1877 and was the mother of six children: Mrs. T. W. Naylor, Ben E. Roberts, Mrs. Ross G. Worsley, Miss Luna Roberts, Mrs. George H. Buehler and Mrs. E. N. Wigton, all of whom were with her at the end.

Stanley Baldwin succeeded Bonar Law as prime minister of Great Britain, May 22, having been called to that office by the king, undoubtedly at the suggestion of the retired premier. He is little known outside of England. Under Lloyd George he was connected with the treasury, and Bonar Law made him Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was a member of the British debt commission which met, in Washington, the American commission, of which Senator Reed Smoot is a member, and agreed on a settlement of Great Britain's war debt to the United States. Bonar Law resigned his position, May 20, on account of ill health. His resignation was felt as a great loss to the conservative party.

Extensive additions to the Temple, Salt Lake City, are under consideration by the Church authorities, according to an announcement published June 1, after a conference between Bishop David A. Smith and the architect, Lewis T. Cannon. A large dressing-room and wash-room for women will be added to the southwest basement section. A new check-dining-room, kitchen and waiting room will be built. Side wings to the present annex to include rooms for recording and completing records for the vaults will also be erected.

A Memorial monument was unveiled at Tooele, Utah, on Memorial day, May 30, in the presence of a large throng. It was erected by the local Daughters of the Pioneers. The Monument is of beautiful Utah Granite with the names of the dead inscribed thereon in the following order: Garfield, Daniels, Willard C. Gowans, Eugene B. Isgreen, John A. Hogan, George A. Greenly, George W. Goins, Grant Lyman, Frank Peterson, Angelo Santralla, Earl P. Brown, Lear E. Austin, Henry M. Haynes, Raymond C. Williams, James I. Howells, Merl C. Lyman, Ross J. Bracken, Olaf Ekensten, Theodore E. Gourgrotes, Eginio Rosson, and Arthur A. Nelson.

The name of Stanley Stipic who died since the Monument was ordered has not been inscribed on the stone as yet.

President George H. Brimhall has just returned to Provo, from a visit to southern Nevada, according to a notice in the Provo Post, May 23. The district visited is one in which Superintendent A. L. Kelley, a graduate of the B. Y. U., has been working for ten years. At Bunkerville, President Brimhall found 25 per cent of the entire school population enrolled in the high school and 16 per cent of the high school enrollment is in the graduating class. Not one of them used tobacco. In the entire town having a population of 500, there is only one smoker. President Brimhall delivered commencement addresses at the Virgin high school at Bunkerville and at the Moapa valley high school at Overton. "Whatever failures there may be there is no failure with the young people," declared President-emeritus George H. Brimhall.

Use of Utah lake as a storage reservoir with an annual capacity of 540,000 acre-feet; enlargement of the outlet at Jordan river to a capacity of 1800 second-feet; control of floods in Salt Lake county by bringing the surplus canal up to 1700 second-feet, are some of the possibilities which have been studied in the joint federal and state investigation of the Utah lake division of the Great Salt Lake project. Prominent among the areas which might be brought under water with proper drainage or other features provided include: In Tooele valley, 24,000 acres. In the area west and southwest of Salt Lake City, 34,000 acres. In the vicinity of Lehi, 10,000 acres. At the south end of Utah lake, around Mosida, 14,000 acres. In Provo bay, a new area to be erected by separating it from Utah lake by a dike, 8,000 acres.

The board of trustees of the L. D. S. University, Salt Lake City, was reorganized, May 14, and Sylvester Q. Cannon, president of the Pioneer stake, was appointed president. The other members are Nephi L. Morris, Hugh J. Cannon, Frank Y. Taylor, U. G. Miller and Soren Rasmussen stake presidents. Arthur Winter retained his position as secretary of the board. The change in the board came as a result of the policy adopted by the Church board of education that none of the general Church officials or members of the Church Board of education should belong to the local boards of trustees of the various Church schools, with the exception of the B. Y. U. and the B. Y. C., because the deed of gift with which President Brigham Young endowed these two schools provides that the president of the Church shall hold the position of president of the board of trustees.

Scores perished in a fire in a schoolhouse at Cleveland, S. C., May, 18, where four hundred parents, children, and friends were gathered to witness a commencement play. The fire started when a hanging lamp over the stage fell and burst, blazing oil catching flimsy draperies and quickly spreading. The audience, mostly children, became panic-stricken. Men in the crowd attempted to quiet those who became frightened, but a rush was made for the one stairway that led to the ground floor. A jam resulted, the stairway collapsed and scores were hurled into a closet under the steps. Some were impaled by jagged timbers from the broken stairs. Soon the splintered stairway caught fire. Those not killed by the fall perished in the flames. Sixty-two bodies were placed in one big grave in Beulah Methodist church yard. Three thousand South Carolinians, led by Governor Thomas G. McLeod, gathered from all parts of the state to pay a last tribute to those who had perished.

Chinese bandits released their captives June 12, after having held them in the mountain fastnesses since May 6. On that date a band of outlaws held up and derailed the Shanghai-Pekin express, near Suchow. The passengers were turned out in their night clothes and driven, like a flock of cattle, towards the mountains. From time to time, after this capture, prisoners were released and sent out to demand "terms" for the

release of the other. The bandits demanded to be enrolled in the Chinese army and to receive six months' back pay, and to emphasize their demand they murdered a number of their Chinese victims. Among the women prisoners taken in the train raid was Miss Lucy Aldrich, sister-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and her traveling companion, Miss Minnie McFadden. The two women became separated upon their release and Miss Aldrich suffered many painful and devastating experiences before she finally made her way to a small village, fifteen miles from the scene of the holdup. The only woman who reached the Paotzuku headquarters of the bandits was Mrs. Manuel A. Vereá, who did not leave the bandit camp until May 20.

Four weekly papers published in foreign languages, in Salt Lake City, viz., the Danish-Norwegian, the German, the Swedish and the Dutch, have formed an association for the purpose of combining their business interests under one management, and co-operating in their editorial work. Elder Adam Petersen, of Salt Lake City, has been appointed business manager of the Associated Papers, and P. S. Christiansen editor of *Bikuben*, Willy Wehler, of the *Salt Lake City Beobachter*, C. A. Krantz, of the *Utah Posten*, and Wm. J. de Bry of *De Utah-Nederlander*. In addition, an editorial committee has been appointed for the purpose of directing the editorial policy of the papers and render such assistance as may be required from time to time. The members of this committee are Dr. John A. Widtsoe, of the Council of the Twelve; Rulon S. Wells, of the First Council of Seventy; Andrew Jenson, Assistant Historian, and Elders J. M. Sjodahl and Wm. J. de Bry. Elder J. M. Sjodahl, on June 1, was appointed the Executive Representative of this committee. The reorganization is the result of recommendations made by Dr. John A. Widtsoe and Bishop John Wells, of the presiding bishopric, who, on March 28, this year, were appointed a committee, by the First Presidency, to consider the entire question of the publication, in Salt Lake City, of the Church periodicals in foreign languages, and these recommendations have been approved by the First Presidency.



Hans J. Christiansen

Hans J. Christiansen died, May 27, at his home in Salt Lake City, after five weeks' illness. For many years he has been prominent in Church work, especially in the missionary field. Elder Christiansen was born in Denmark, January 9, 1848. He spent his early life on the sea, and at the age of 21 entered the Danish army. He joined the Church in 1871 in Copenhagen and came to Utah in 1873. He lived in Cache valley for several years. Elder Christiansen filled five missions and presided over the Scandinavian mission from 1914 to 1920. He was ordained a high priest in 1909 and was made a patriarch in January of this year. From 1906 to 1914 he was assistant editor of *Bikuben*, the Danish newspaper here. Funeral services were held in the 17th ward meetinghouse, May 30, and the principal speakers were Andrew Jenson, George F. Richards, John A. Widtsoe, and President Nephi L. Morris.

"Many of our Saints and friends are subscribers of the *Era*, and many others are very pleased to read back issues which are distributed, often serving as tracts. All greatly enjoy the interesting and faith-promoting articles, as well as the fund of knowledge and entertainment which each issue contains. Our desires are ever that this publication of the Church will continue to serve its good purpose in the world at large, particularly in the mission field."—*John T. Paradise*, secretary Canadian mission.

Improvement Era, July, 1923

Two Dollars per Annum

*Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second class matter
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918*

Address Room 406 Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Heber J. Grant, } Editors Melvin J. Ballard, Business Mgr.
Edward H. Anderson, } Moroni Snow, Assistant.

CONTENTS

Comb Wash, Looking Northward	Frontispiece
Keep Smiling. A Poem.....	Theodore L. Curtis..... 769
Traveling Over Forgotten Trails. Illustrated.....	Prest. Anthony W. Ivins..... 771
His Need of Me. A Poem	C. N. Lund
Hearts and Hollyhocks. A Story—XI.....	Ruth Moench Bell
An Old, Black Crow. A Poem.....	Alan C. Reidpath
A Relic of Gadianton: Old Posey as I Knew Him. Illustrated	Albert R. Lyman
May I Ne'er be Ungrateful. A Poem	Helen Kimball Orgill..... 801
The Egotist. A Story	H. L. Johnston
Rainbow Bill. A Poem	Alfred Osmond
A Pioneer Incident	S. C. Richardson
Fundamentals of Prosperity—I-III.....	Roger W. Babson
Prayer. A Poem	George H. Brimhall
This is All I Pray. A Poem.....	Alan C. Reidpath
Will I Know? A Poem	Della Fish Smith
Early Missionary Labors of President Brigham Young	Preston Nibley
A Study of the Book of Mormon Texts—I.....	J. M. Sjodahl
The Winged Deluge. A Story	Robert Sparks Walker
False or True. A Poem	Alfred Lambournse
Claude C. Cornwall	835
Why I Remain a "Mormon".....	Paul E. Reimaun
The Light that is Felt. A Poem	John G. Whittier
Editors' Table—Prayer.....	841
The June M. I. A. Conference.....	842
Messages from the Missions	844
Priesthod Quorums' Table.....	848
Mutual Work	849
Messages from the Church Music Com- mittee	853
Passing Events	855



Go To Summer School

There is a real advantage in beginning a commercial course in the summer. Pupils are thereby enabled to complete their work at a time when applicants for employment are relatively scarce. Moreover, no ambitious young person can afford to lose the summer months.

Summer Courses

The courses offered in the L. D. S. Business College Summer Session are identical with those offered in winter and include preparation for all kinds of office positions. The principal subjects of instruction are Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, Business English, Commercial Law, Business Arithmetic, Office Training. Complete training is also given in the use of the Posting Machine, Burroughs Calculator, the Dictaphone, and the Mimeograph.

L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

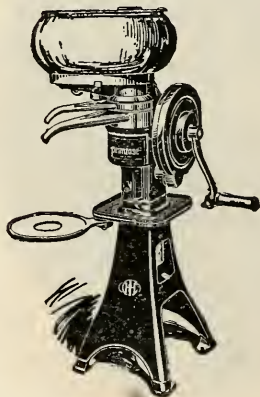
Day and Evening Sessions

Call Wasatch 3951

All the Year

McCormick-Deering Primrose Ball-Bearing CREAM SEPARATOR

AND 13 REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD OWN ONE



1. Hand or power operated.
2. Ball bearings.
3. Greater capacity with less labor.
4. Slower crank speed.
5. Easier turning.
6. Less wear and longer life.
7. Improved oiling.
8. Visible oiling system.
9. Steadier running.
10. Improved tinware.
11. Anti-splash supply can.
12. Convenient bowl vise.
13. Easy bowl adjustment.

International Harvester Company of America
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



Store KING COAL *NOW!*



Freight congestion this Fall will make it hard to get coal for cold weather needs.

King Lump is the most economical coal you can buy—there's more heat and less waste per ton!



Ask your dealer for KING COAL and insist on getting it.



UNITED STATES FUEL COMPANY

Kearns Bldg.

Salt Lake City

NEW M.I.A. READING COURSE

A well balanced course—books that teach, books that entertain, books that amuse. Worthy of a place in every home or public library, for their literary value, their wholesomeness, their inspiration.

III NEPHI

From BOOK OF MORMON

THE DIM LANTERN

By Temple Bailey

INCLUDING MOTHER

By Ashmun

COMPANIONABLE BOOKS

By Van Dyke

OX TEAM DAYS ON THE OREGON TRAIL

By Meeker and Driggs

All on sale at this store.

Complete information on request.

Deseret Book Company

44 E. So. Temple

Salt Lake City

You Can Get 8% Interest

On your money with double real estate security from us.
We are classified as a *Cooperative Land Mortgage Bank* and operate under the direct supervision of the Securities Commission of the the Banking Department of Utah.

BETTER TAKE 8% WITH SAFETY

Write for information today

Guaranteed Securities Company

206 Clift Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah

Integrity Inspires Confidence

JOSEPH WILLIAM TAYLOR

Utah's Leading Undertaker and Licensed Embalmer

21-25 SOUTH WEST TEMPLE

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Phones: Wasatch 7600

Both Office and Residence

My Service has the Little Marks of Difference that Make it Distinctive

Cool, Refreshing, Delicious, "400" The New Dairy Drink

It is just as nourishing and wholesome as it is delicious—both children and adults will enjoy this new dairy drink made from sweet flavored chocolate and pure Harris Milk.

At grocers and soda fountains

1/2 pint 5c

Delivered at your door

1 pint 10c

1 quart 18c

Harris Bros. Dairy

725 So .State

Was. 3183

Milk, buttermilk, cottage cheese, and whipping
and coffee cream

Follow a Profession and be Independent

Openings for salesmen in all parts of
the Inter-Mountain Region.



Call or write

Inter-Mountain Life Insurance Company

Boston Building
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Strong

Conservative

Progressive

Don't Miss Owning

Rodger W. Babson's

Epoch-Making Books

**The Fundamentals
of Prosperity**

"Probably the first serious effort
by a recognized business expert to
show an interrelation of spiritual
and commercial life." N. Y. World,
\$1.00.

**Making Good in
Business**

"Stimulates our courage to go
forth and fight the battle of every-
day life with new hope and clear
vision."— Paul P. Harris, \$1.25.

(Pres. Emer., Rotary Clubs)

GET THEM TODAY

At All Booksellers

Fleming H. Revell Company
New York 158 Fifth Ave.
Chicago 17 W. Wabash Ave.

Fire is no Respector of Persons

You may wait till tomorrow
to insure—but the fire may
not

"See our agent in your town"

Utah Home Fire Insurance Co.

HEBER J. GRANT & CO.,
General Agents
Salt Lake City, Utah

Buy Bennett's Products

in your own town

If not sold there, write us, Salt Lake City.

Nothing better can be made.

Prepared expressly for this climate.



Ask your dealer for Z. C. M. I. Factory Made

Kiddies' Allovers

DUTCH CUT

They are the famous Mountaineer Brand in dark blue, light blue, striped and khakis.

Mothers—they are just what you need for the little tots—and the kiddies like them too.



For Peace of Mind

and security tomorrow, take out insurance today. To know that you are adequately insured will give you a sense of satisfaction and your family a feeling of security that nothing else can equal. See us today.

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

HEBER J. GRANT, Pres.

LORENZO N. STOHL, Mgr.